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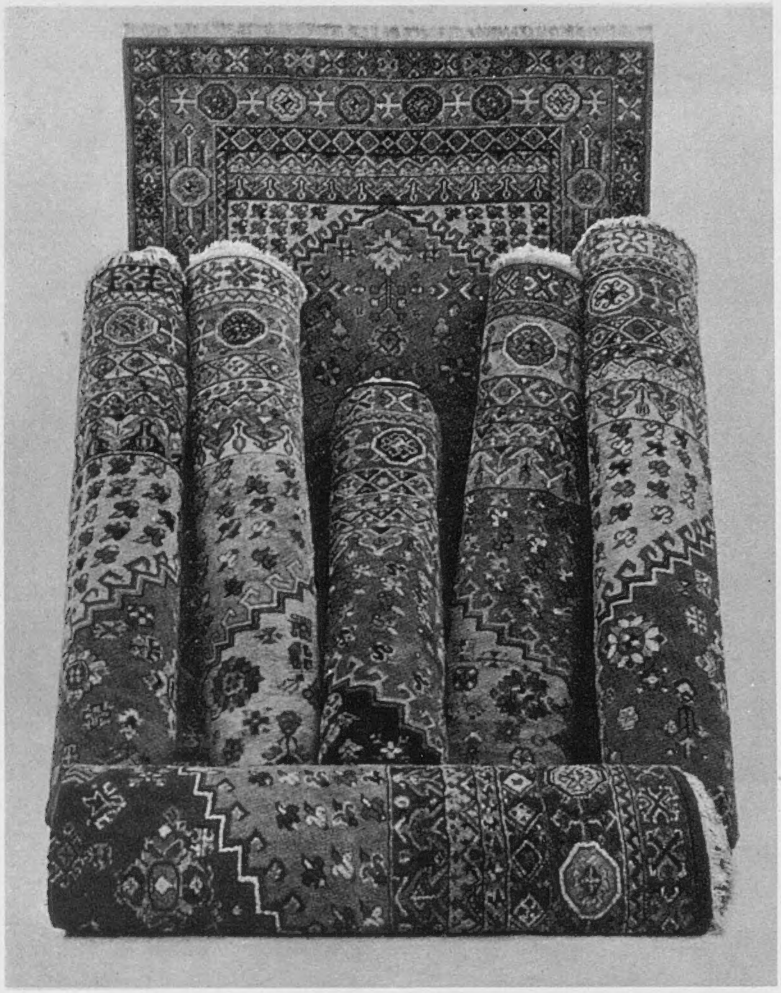

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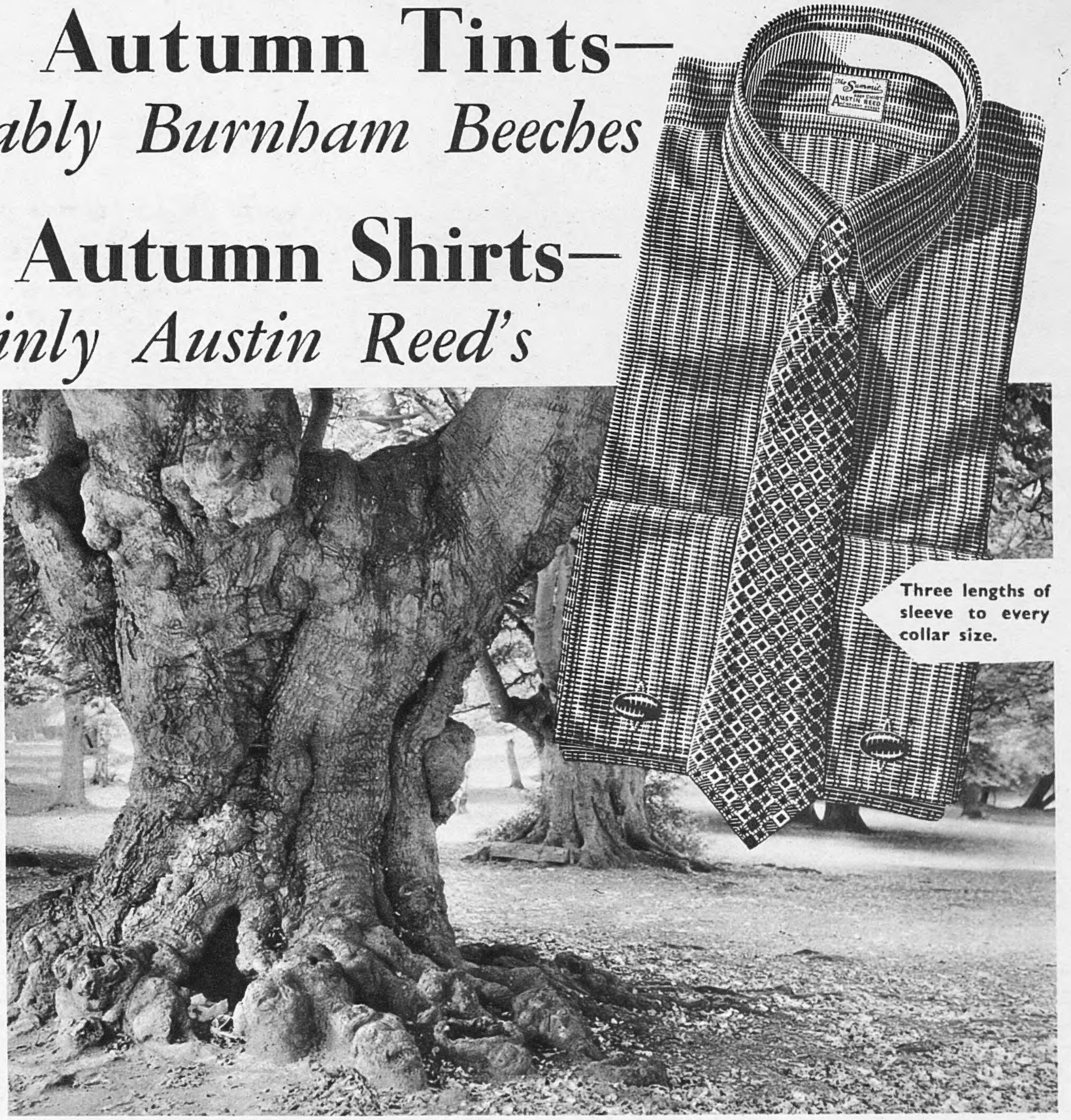

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The Sketch

No. 2334—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1937. ONE SHILLING

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL TANQUERAY.

VICTORIA REGINA IN A "KEEPSAKE" WREATH.

The HON. PAMELA STANLEY, *second sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley, is now better known as "Queen Victoria," on account of her big success in the title-rôle of "Victoria Regina," by Laurence Housman, at the Lyric Theatre. Our photograph shows her as the young Queen, and is set in a Victorian floral wreath similar to those used to adorn the "Keepsake" albums of the period.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

VANG FANG.—II.

WINE is indeed a mocker; for, like most other things, it has a capricious habit of varying according to its surrounding circumstances. It is only the trained expert who can taste and appraise wine in the abstract, so to speak; and for the ordinary person there is no process more futile than sipping a number of wines in rapid succession and trying to judge between them. We taste a particular kind of wine on one occasion, and fall in love with it; next time—as happens, alas! in other relations of life—our love suddenly cools. Then, perhaps, we talk sententiously about a "good bottle" and a "bad bottle"; but the bottle is seldom to blame. What has happened is simply that the surrounding circumstances have altered. The enjoyment of wine depends not only on the qualities of the wine itself (body, colour, bouquet, and that "fourth dimension" which one can only call *soul*), but on many concomitants, such as the glass from which it is drunk (most important!), the food which accompanies it, the company which shares it, and, of course, the condition, physical and mental, of the drinker.

Now, all these circumstances cannot, unfortunately, be manufactured to order.

"You can't get high
æsthetic taste,
Like trousers, ready-made."

But at least something can be done to make the circumstances as favourable as possible. It is worth anybody's while to go to a little trouble over table-glass—to some expense also, though not necessarily great expense, for the best wine-glasses are the simplest. (In passing, I hope you are not deceived by those bloated, bulbous brandy-glasses which are so popular among pseudo-connoisseurs. Drinking from them is merely sucking in air. The ideal brandy-glass, such as is used in the Cognac district, is not much bigger than a large port-glass; but it must be properly tulip-shaped.) It is not difficult to obtain some elementary ideas of what red and white wines go best with what dishes. And surely it is possible to pay some little attention to the temperature of wines. This is not a matter of affectation or fussiness, but is absolutely vital; for it is the simple truth that the finest claret in the world is not worth drinking if served cellar-cold. It is equally ruined if placed in front of a hot fire—"damned," as Touchstone said, "all on one side, like an ill-roasted egg"—or plunged into boiling water. I have seen claret and Burgundy come out of the bottle actually steaming! It is, or ought to be, well known that red wine is at its ideal temperature when *chambré*—left for hours, and a whole day if possible, to acquire the temperature of the room in which it is to be served. This means a little trouble and forethought, and most people nowadays "can't be bothered." Hence the popularity of white wines, a fact which, personally, I rather deplore; for, on the whole, and with some notable exceptions, the white wines of France are far less attractive than the red, while good Hocks and Moselles, exquisite though they are, are expensive, and the baser sort are as nought. However, it is certainly an advantage, in the average household, that white wine, if properly kept, can be palatably served at cellar temperature. But here again, extremes are disastrous. White wines are often iced out of all reason. The mistake is particularly common with champagne, and the result, to my mind—especially if the wine is of that excessive and unnatural dryness which has become an English affectation—is a fluid not merely unattractive, but actually repellent. Few white wines need more than mild chilling, and a wine which thickly frosts the glass is a wine spoiled and robbed of all character.

If wines are influenced by attendant circumstances, they are influenced even more by the subtle force of suggestion. Most of us, I am afraid, have to believe what we are told about wines. After all, we are almost entirely in the hands of experts. We must take their word for it when they tell us that certain years are good or bad, for we have few means of judging for ourselves. As the result of an ancient and intricate system, these pundits class wines in a certain hierarchy, and the average person, though he may flatter himself that he "knows what he likes," is quite unqualified to follow all the refinements and distinctions of the Wine Lords. If they tell him that a wine is good, he is predisposed to think it good, and it will probably *taste* good to him. It is marvellous how a hundred-shillings will improve the flavour of a wine! For the most part, the experts are both right and honest; but their power of suggestion sometimes takes strange forms—as, for warning example, in the case of the 1921 Hocks. 1921 was undoubtedly a great year—some authorities say, the greatest Hock year ever known (though 1933 may equal it). But, in the scramble after the war, a good many of the Rhine and Moselle wines were bottled prematurely and rushed on to the market—and died within a few years. Some of them, within a decade, were little better than faint memories of past grandeur. You will not find them being drunk in Germany, where people believe in young, fresh Rhine and Palatinate wines — as young sometimes, as six months. (Despite Meredith's Dr. Middleton, ancient Hocks are, for the most part, delusions, though a few, like Rudesheimer, grow old gracefully, and the very finest are, of course, almost ageless.) Yet 1921 Hocks, through sheer superstition, still fetch fancy prices in England. But of all products of the grape, brandy has attracted to itself the most powerful superstitions. If you are prepared to pay £5 a bottle for a centenarian brandy—well, good luck to you, and I don't say that you won't get a very delectable nectar; but I hope you realise that nothing remains of the original brandy except what chemists call "a trace," the rest being all "refreshed" with younger liquors; for so it is decreed by the inexorable laws of evaporation. There is undoubtedly an incomparable elegance about the best Cognac, and I am sure it is worth the money to those who can afford it; but if you can't run to 1865 Fine Champagne, you will find that the Three-Star, ten-year-old, pound a-bottle product of any good firm is not only an excellent second-best, but a gracious and healthful epilogue to any meal. I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll try a drop before I go to bed, and I only wish that you could join me.

"THIS GIVES YOU AN IDEA OF WHAT YOU WILL LOOK LIKE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED THE COURSE, MA'AM. . . ."

DRAWN BY BERRY.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mrs. Bristlewood had always wanted to know the "doggy lady" next door.

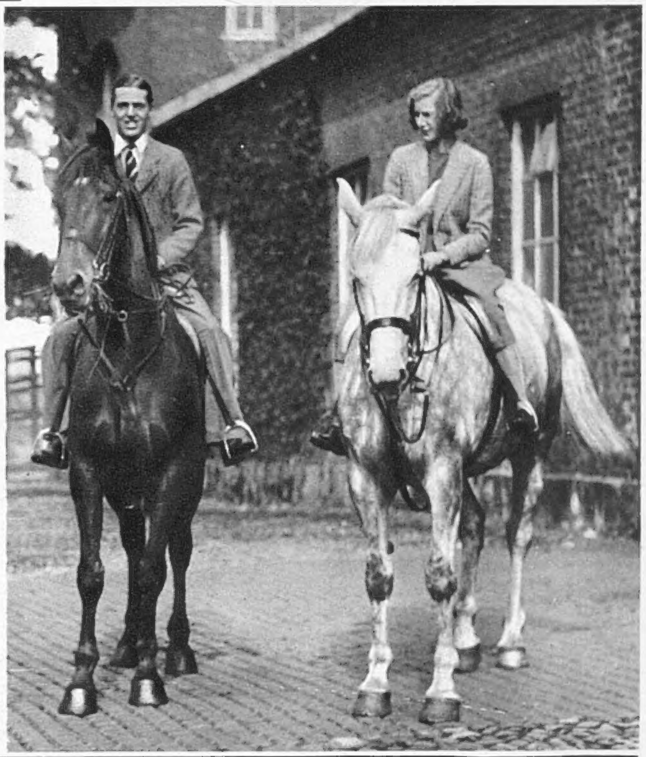
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

HOUSE-PARTY AT DODDINGTON PARK.

MR. BRIAN BONSOR *and* MISS ROBERTS *are helping* "MISS GIBBS" *to pose for the camera.* "*Miss Gibbs*" *is the gibbon which Lady Broughton brought back from her last trip abroad.*

DODDINGTON PARK, *Nantwich, is the seat of Sir* "*Jock*" *Delves Broughton, eleventh Baronet, of Broughton, Co. Stafford. It came into the family when the fourth Baronet, Sir Brian Broughton, inherited his grandfather's property and assumed the additional surname of Delves. The families of Broughton and Delves are very ancient ones, of consideration for centuries in the counties of Stafford and Cheshire.*

MR. BRIAN BONSOR *and* MISS SHEILA GRAHAM, *daughter of Lady Evelyn Patrick, were members of a recent house-party at Doddington Park.*



Right: MR. EVELYN BROUGHTON, *only son of Sir* "*Jock*" *and Lady Delves Broughton, with the* HON. AVA BAIRD, *daughter of Lord Stonehaven.*

Right: This group shows MRS. CULPITT, SIR "JOCK" DELVES BROUGHTON, MRS. C. F. FROST, MR. C. F. FROST, MISS BERYL JOHNSON, *and* MR. A. DE CUSSON. *Miss B. Johnson, partnered by Miss P. Hewitt, won the Girls' Doubles in the Junior Lawn Tennis Championship in 1936.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

TOWCESTER'S ONE - DAY JUMP MEETING IN SUMMER SUNSHINE.

MISS VIRGINIA BRAND, *daughter of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Brand,* LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY, *daughter of Viscountess Ipswich, and the* HON. PENELOPE MILLS, *daughter of Lord Hillingdon, were among the girls who attended the Towcester one-day jump meeting, which was held in summer-like sunshine. They were snapped queueing up to buy race-cards.*

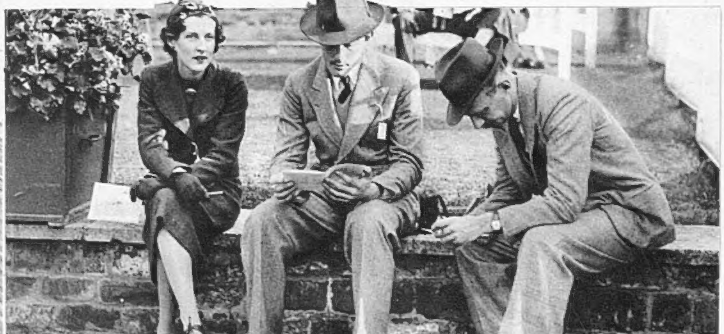
The HON. MRS. STOCKDALE, *formerly the Hon. Louise Fermor-Hesketh, wore a suède suit and hat.*

LADY PENRHYN, *tall and slender, looked extremely smart.*

Right: MISS WINNIE HILDER, *whose all-checked get-up was very chic, was one of the well-dressed girls at the meeting*

MISS ANGELA STACEY, MISS PAMELA LEYLAND, *and* MISS MARJORIE INNES *in variations on the checked theme.*

MRS. FRANK FURLONG, *wife of the well-known amateur rider, and* MRS. FULKE WALWYN, *formerly Miss Diana Clarke, are seen together. Mrs. Walwyn is a recent bride.*



LADY GRENFELL, *formerly Miss Betty Shaughnessy, is seen with* MR. C. BECKETT *and* LORD GRENFELL, *who are studying their programmes with considerable concentration.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

QUITE a romantic story in the life of a salmon was revealed by studying through a microscope the scales of a 15-lb. fish killed on the Spey by Mr. F. Neon Reynolds on Sept. 30. When sending me the scales, Mr. Reynolds described the salmon as a Lax fish. This is a term commonly used in Norway, and I am told that in certain parts of Northern Scotland it is also applied to previously spawned fish, which differ in appearance from the bulk of the salmon, which are maiden fish. Both Mr. G. Herbert Nall and Mr. Macfarlane, of the Scottish Fishery Board, have examined the scales of Mr. Reynolds' salmon, and they are agreed that it is a particularly interesting fish. During her $6\frac{1}{2}$ years of life she had returned to the Spey to spawn on three occasions, and was returning on her fourth honeymoon trip when she had the misfortune to meet Mr. Reynolds. Hatched in the spring of 1931, she spent two years in the river; then, as a smolt, she left the river for the sea in the spring of 1933. Within eighteen months she was back again as a grilse, and spawned in the winter of 1934. Before the following spring she had dropped down to the sea again as a kelt. After a stay of about six months she returned to spawn again in the winter of 1935. Next winter she was up on the spawning-beds with a fresh spouse—her previous mates had probably died soon after she deserted them. This third spawning accomplished, she went back to the sea to recuperate, and in a few months she commenced her last journey, late this summer. Had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Reynolds, she would have achieved the rare distinction of spawning four times. As it is, comparatively few salmon have equalled this one's record of matrimonial ventures. What an amazing record it is when one considers how salmon are preyed upon in the sea, then have to run the gauntlet of nets and avoid the temptation of innumerable anglers!

FISHING WITHOUT TEARS *would be a suitable sub-title to the two illustrations on this page! This shows the wonderful number of fish discovered in the dock at Simonstown, South Africa, as described by Mr. Marston in the article on this page.*

Fish Stranded in Dry Dock. The photograph showing thousands of fish lying on the floor of a dock was shown to Mr. J. P. Garrad by the wife of a sailor friend. Mr. Garrad obtained some particulars and sent the photograph to me, with two others equally interesting. They were taken at Simonstown, South Africa, and it appears that when the big fish are running, great shoals of small fish are driven into the harbour and swarm right into the docks. The photograph reproduced here shows the immense number of fish left in the dock after a vessel had entered and the dock had been closed and pumped out. These fish, according to Mr. Garrad's friend, were mainly mackerel, king clip, pout and whiting, and he states that on one occasion there were ninety tons of fish at one flooding of the dock. Mr. Garrad thinks he must be referring to one of the other photographs, which shows literally millions of fish floating on the surface. The cause of this catastrophe still remains a mystery, and explanations such as lack of oxygen owing to overcrowding, or an escape of volcanic gas from under the sea, are not very convincing. In addition to myriads of small fish, larger fish—snoek, yellow-tail, etc.—also penguins, cormorants, seals, etc., all died.

Trout Stream Made to Order. For the first time, as far as I know, a trout stream has actually been constructed. Of course, many lakes have been made to provide trout-fishing—the Enton Club lakes are a notable example—but I fancy a trout stream at Tyle Mill, near Reading, has the distinction of being the first that has ever been excavated from a piece of meadowland. Tyle Mill is the property of Mr. George Usher, who conceived the idea of utilising a large meadow to provide him with a trout stream. He called in Messrs. Collier and Catley, Ltd., of Reading, engineering consultants and contractors, and also Mr. A. R. Peart, of the Berkshire Trout Farm, to advise on the fishery side. A winding channel was excavated in the meadow by a Priestman "navvy," which shifted about 4000 cubic yards of earth and dumped it on the banks. As there was a fall of less than 2 ft. from the inlet along the 800 yards of stream to the outlet, skilful levelling was necessary. Weirs were constructed at intervals, grass sown on the banks, and trees planted. Water-weeds and an abundance of snails, shrimps, and ephemerids were introduced before the trout were put in. The result has justified the expense, and Mr. Usher's hopes have been fulfilled, for the trout rise freely and already fish up to 4 lb. in weight have been taken. Considering the value of trout-water, it seems that this plan of constructing streams may prove a solution to the pressing problem of the ever-growing demand for trout-fishing. Full details of the way Mr. Usher's trout stream was created are to be found in the October issue of *The Engineer*.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

23,538 trout were caught in Loch Leven this season—less than half the number caught in 1936. The heaviest trout this season was landed by Miss Robinson, and weighed $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb.

The total catch on Lake Vyrnwy this season was 4467 trout, weighing 3377 lb. Of these, 3180 were taken on fly, the remainder either by spinning or trolling. The two best fish weighed 3 lb. 9 oz. and $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Lake Llywenan, in Anglesey, produced 155 trout, averaging 1 lb. $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in weight. Best trout, $3\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

R. L. MARSTON.

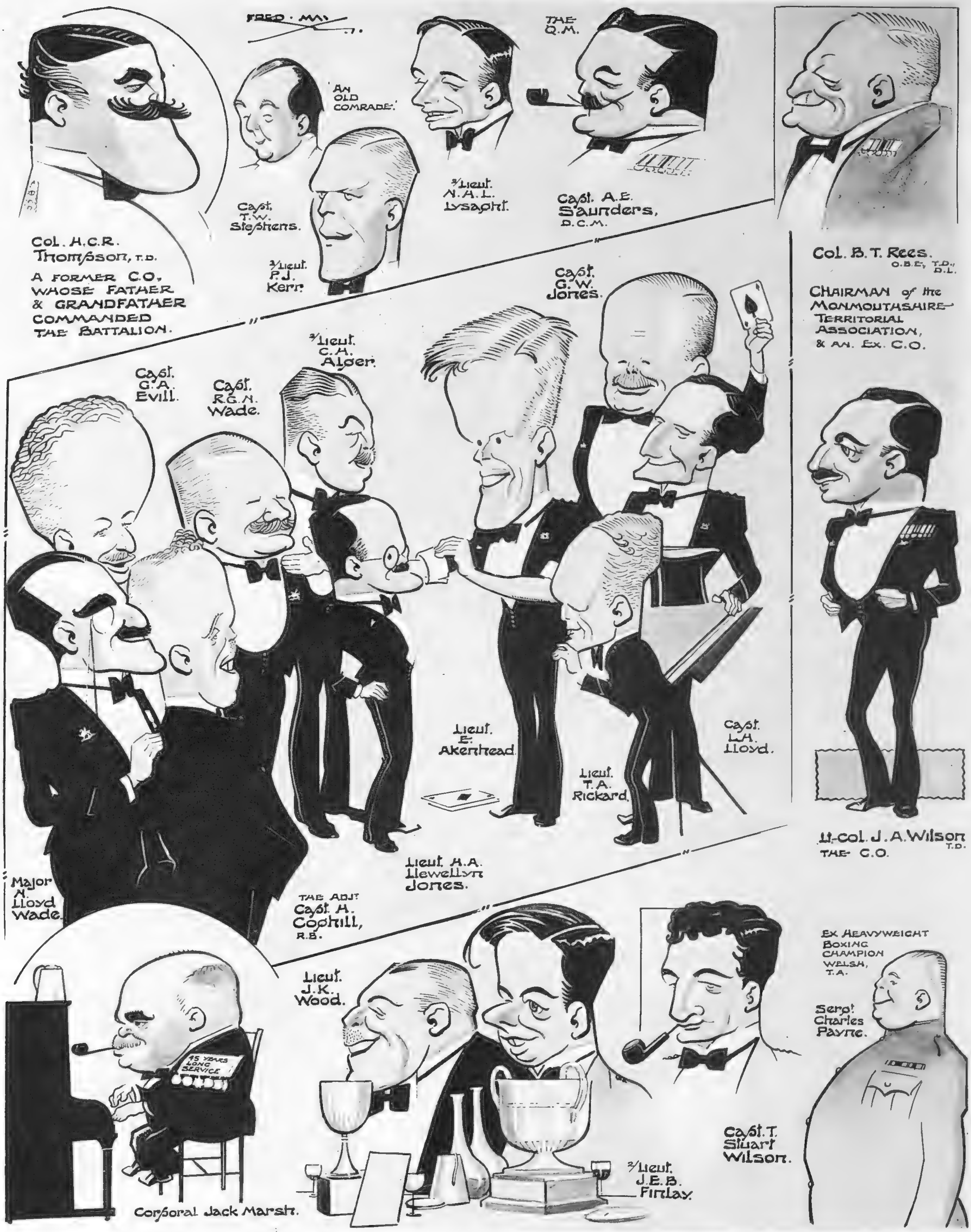
This photograph illustrates a MIRACULOUS HARVEST OF MACKEREL *on the beach at St. Ives, Cornwall, as a result of the bursting of the fishermen's nets. It took two days to remove the fish.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

HUNGARIAN - BORN BRITISH PEERESS.

The COUNTESS OF LISTOWEL *was Mlle. Judith de Marffy-Mantuano, and is a daughter of M. Raoul de Marffy-Mantuano, of Budapest. Her marriage to the fifth Earl of Listowel took place in 1933. Lord Listowel's ancestor, William Hare, Lord Ennismore, subsequently Earl of Listowel, bought Kingston House, built about 1770 for the celebrated Elizabeth Chudleigh (the so-called Duchess of Kingston), and the surrounding land. Kingston House, the property of the Earls of Listowel for 130 years, was at one time let to Marquess Wellesley, brother of the Iron Duke; and subsequently inhabited by different members of the Hare family. The late Dowager Countess of Listowel occupied it until her death in 1936. A sale of the contents took place last March, and the mansion is in process of demolition.*



THE 1st MONS.

In 1857 Colonel the Hon. F. C. Morgan (as Captain in the Rifle Brigade) raised at Chepstow, and afterwards commanded, the original battalion of the 1ST MONMOUTHSHIRE REGIMENT. *From 1878 until 1909 he was Hon. Colonel, and during that time the Battalion supplied a platoon to the South African War. They are the senior County Regiment, and the only Rifle Battalion in Wales: they still retain the dress of the Rifles—green and black, with black buttons. 1915 saw them in France, where they served with distinction. It was at the annual commemoration dinner of the battle of the Hohenzollern Redoubt—one of the hottest engagements in which they took part—that Fred May attended for caricature. The 1st Mons. are the only T.A. battalion to have a window in their honour at Ypres Cathedral.*

A SILVER COCKEREL GIVEN TO DE BASIL.

The close of the autumn season of de Basil Ballet at Covent Garden was marked by a special performance and a reception in the foyer, when a presentation of a silver cockerel (symbolising the new ballet "Le Coq d'Or") was made to COLONEL DE BASIL *as a token of the esteem of the public and the company. Our group shows (l. to r.)* RIABOUCHINSKA, DANILOVA, CAPTAIN BRUCE OTTLEY, COLONEL DE BASIL, *and* BARONOVA.

Left: MARGOT FONTEYN *and* FREDERICK ASHTON, *of the Sadler's Wells ballet, were guests at the party.*

SONIA ORLOVA, *the American dancer, with* ARNOLD HASKELL, *the ballet critic.*

Left: ALICE NIKITINA *and* BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD.

TCHERNICHEVA *(left) with* GABRIEL WOLKOFF, *the designer, and* MISS WOLKOFF.

MICHEL FOKINE, MME. FOKINA, *and* DAVID LICHINE.

RIABOUCHINSKA, *one of the prima ballerinas of the de Basil Ballet, with* M. A. M. DIAMANTIDI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PHILLIPS.

"JUST PUPS" — BUT ALL GOOD BARKERS!

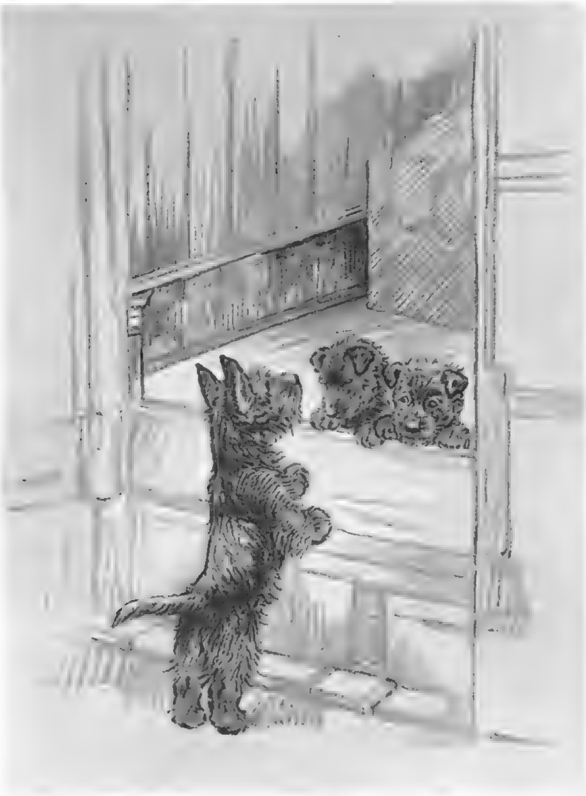
" Nailer."

" Leave me alone!"

" Please."

" The book-worm replete."

" Flies."



" What it is to have a gadding mother."

THE delightful sketches reproduced on this page are excellent examples of the art of K. F. BARKER and come from " Just Pups," a new book of his sketches in pen and pencil, just published by *Country Life* as a companion volume to his " Just Dogs." In it the artist has drawn puppies sleeping and waking, lively and mischievous, sobered and appealing, from earliest, helpless puppyhood to the leggy, half-grown stage, and presents a fascinating gallery of portraits. All his subjects' most lovable characteristics are caught—short legs supporting top-heavy bodies, a deceptive innocence of expression, and all the tragedies and exciting events which are preliminary to their becoming Just Dogs. In his introduction, the author points out that to dog-lovers the puppy is like their own child, and although, in time, he becomes a stout and rather crotchety old chap, in some strange and inexplicable way, in the eyes of his owners he is never quite grown up.

" Ladies and Gentlemen."

"IAN HAY" IN HIS AIN HOOSE.

MAJOR "IAN HAY" BEITH, C.B.E., M.C., *is one of the best-known of our novelists and playwrights and has just made another big success with his thriller "The Gusher," at the Princes Theatre. He is seen at work. The high desk in the background suggests that sometimes he finds that inspiration comes best when standing up to write.*

MRS. "IAN HAY" BEITH, *who was Miss Helen Margaret ("Mouse") Speirs, is posed in her boudoir by the wrought-iron gates which are a decorative feature of the house.*

Another study of Mrs. Beith at her dressing-table. She is a petite blonde, and is a daughter of the late Mr. P. A. Speirs, of Polmont, Stirlingshire.

Right: MAJOR BEITH, *in spite of the fact that he has written over twenty books and numbers of plays, occasionally does take it easy in his study! He is a Member of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard in Scotland, so it's suitable that the screen in the background should be decorated with pictures of archers.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

TALES WITH A STING.

THE POLICE PROVIDE THE ALIBI.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)

SHEER accident gave Carley the way to do the perfect burglary. He was down at How Green to study the ground before lifting the Trennion emeralds—an easy job, all but the alibi. He found the window in Trennion Grange that would make an entry simple. He even chanced on a hollow tree where he could "smother" his loot until it was safe to fetch it. The one snag was that the Trennion emeralds were big stuff. All the police of the country would be roused at their theft, and because of his reputation he would be among the first to come in for attention. If the "busies" found he 'd been away from home on the night; worse, if they found he 'd been to How Green, they 'd soon fix it on to him.

It took four pints of local ale and an argumentative hedger to provide a fool-proof solution. Carley never could suffer fools gladly, especially after the third pint. He hit the hedger on the nose, and was promptly run into the village lock-up.

It was an unseemly affair, no more than a large, white-washed coal-shed behind one of those cottages labelled "County Police." P.C. Jull, the homely "bobby" who did the honours, apologised for its shortcomings. It was so rarely used. Arrested men were mainly taken at once by train to the country town of Stripe; it was merely because Carley had broken the law after train hours that there was no alternative but to put up with it until morning. P.C. Jull, a large, easy-going man with an excessive wife and family, even made him as comfortable as he could before locking him in.

Carley, who had sobered up at the mere touch of a policeman's hand, examined his prison. It was a pretty sound affair for all its defects. The door was solid oak, well-locked and bolted, the walls stout brick. The single window was high and blocked with three iron bars. Carley jumped, caught the bars, and muscled up to look outside. The moonlight showed him a casually kept kitchen garden stretching back to Trennion Woods, also the pallid loom of washing hanging on lines—the Julls were the haphazard kind that leave their wash out all night in warm weather.

He saw no more, because at that moment he dropped—the window-bar his left hand grasped had come away at the base, almost letting him down a cropper. . . . And there was the inspiration for his perfect steal. He pulled his bed silently under the window and examined the defective bar. Rain drippings had rotted away the mortar in which this particular bar was embedded at the base. It was so loose that Carley was able to pull it right out. Its removal allowed enough space for a small man to squeeze through. Carley was small, while his gift for "breaking and entering" made such an exit child's play.

Carley saw in a flash the whole beauty of the gift that had been placed in his hands. He had the best alibi crook ever dreamed of—he was in a prison cell; the police, in the person of Jull, would have to swear that it was impossible for him to have committed any burglary, because he was safe under their own lock and key. They might suspect him until their arteries weakened, but they could not get over that.

As for the bar, it had been loose, from the look of it, for months, and it would remain loose for months to come without Jull ever noticing. He was plainly the sort not to bother. As long as the bars *seemed* solid to him, he 'd never suspect. And Carley could even wedge the bar tighter with loose mortar—when he got back. Carley never missed a chance when it came to him. He set the loose bar on his bed, grasped the firm ones, and by exercise of his natural nimbleness, squeezed himself feet first through the opening.

True, the Jull slovenliness nearly spoilt things at the outset, for not only had Mrs. Jull left her washing on the line, but she had also left an enamel basin full of it under his window. Carley's feet struck the edge of that basin, not only raising a clatter, but also flinging wet garments and much water all over him.

He cursed and waited, but only heard two varieties of snores from the Julls' bedroom. He hadn't anything to fear. Water left no incriminating traces, and it would dry off his clothes before morning. Also he carefully replaced the wet garments and put the basin by the Julls' kitchen door. Mrs. Jull was plainly the slatternly kind who wouldn't remember to-morrow just where she had left that basin.

From that point everything went as smooth as butter. Carley broke into Trennion Grange, made short work of their old-fashioned safe with tools he collected from their own carpenter's shed, and then hid the emeralds safely in the hollow tree. He was back in "prison" inside two hours. There he tamped the loose bar back with fragments of mortar so firmly that it would take quite a tug to get it out again and, after spreading his damp garments between the blankets of his bed to dry from the heat of his body, he slept the sleep of a man who knew he had pulled off a crime in perfect safety.

Jull, in fact, had to rouse him out of a heavy sleep when he came in with a cup of tea at seven. The cup of tea was rather like Jull, but also he had a reason for it. He said, apologetically, that he might have to keep Carley in lock-up and without breakfast for some time. There 'd been a big burglary at the Grange and he had to go up and take charge until an Inspector from Stripe arrived.

Carley grinned sourly and said he didn't mind, as the jag of last night had given him the devil of a head.

"You shouldn't be sorry even for that headache," Jull grinned. "This 'ere burgl'ry is going to make us martee suspicious o' all strangers 'oose whereabouts we carn't answer for."

He went off in friendly good humour, and Carley chuckled, knowing that he had one good witness and true to swear that he couldn't have stolen those emeralds. Slipping his hands between the blankets, he found that his clothes were practically dry, and with a blissful smile he went to sleep again. He woke once. It was because Mrs. Jull was singing as she took in her washing. As he listened to her happy voice he knew that she, too, had seen nothing amiss in that basin of clothes. His safety was complete.

Again he slept, so heavily that he only awoke after the cell door was opened, and then largely because the Inspector from Stripe was saying: "Well, get your drunk and disorderly out, Cobbin will run him into Stripe in my car. . . ."

The Inspector stopped and gasped as Carley opened his eyes: "Gosh!" he cried. "Know who your drunk is, Jull? It 's Carley, the slickest jewel thief on police records. Why, good lord, it was probably he who——"

"*No*," grunted Jull. "It wasn't 'im. Couldn't 'ave bin. 'E 's bin shut tight in 'ere since ten o'clock larst night. Couldn't 'ave got out. I 'll testify to that. An' we know the burgl'ry couldn't 'ave bin committed before midnight, so, since 'e was locked in 'ere. . . . Rouse up nippy, Carley. Get your togs on, the car awaits you. . . ."

Carley, grinning at his certain triumph, and determined to cause no trouble, nipped out of bed, and while he passed the time of day with the Inspector, whom he knew of old, pulled his trousers from under the blankets and slipped them on. He was just buttoning the braces when Jull goggled, and said: "Lummy, wot's 'appened to your trousers?"

"Blue!" the Inspector said with exultation. "Blue dye!"

Carley shot a glance downward and gulped. It was true. The whole front of his grey flannel trousers, right up to the waist, was splashed with blue. In a daze he heard the Inspector say:

"And those blue stains on the carpet by the safe—blue dye. This is where they came from. He knelt there in wet dyed trousers."

"Rubbish!" Carley mumbled. "I 've been here all night——"

But Jull's roar cut him short. "Adeela! Wasn't you dying a frock blue yesterday? What did you do with the basin?"

"Well, you know," came the voice of Jull's wife, "I *thought* something rummy 'ad 'appened to that. I mean, the basin was empty o' dye this morning, an' I 'm sure I left it full. And then I found the basin by the kitchen door, when I thought I 'd left it under the lock-up windy. . . ."

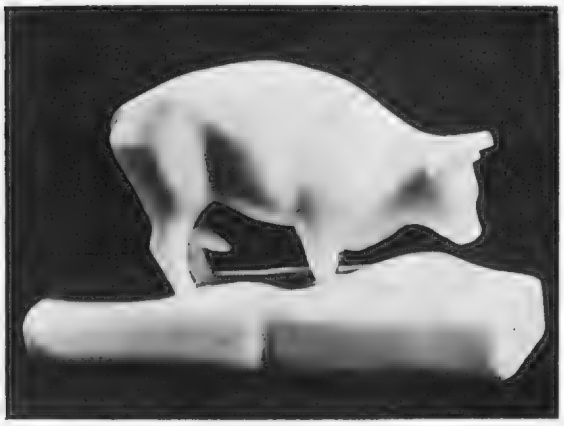
"Go round and see if any blue dye was spilt under the lock-up window—that 'll prove it," the Inspector said. And presently, as Jull bellowed in triumph: "Very clever, Carley. Might have got away with it—if the Julls hadn't been so darn slack and casual. I guess, too, we 've only got to look for blue dye to find those emeralds."

He was right. Carley's trousers had been still wet when he shinned up the hollow tree. [THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

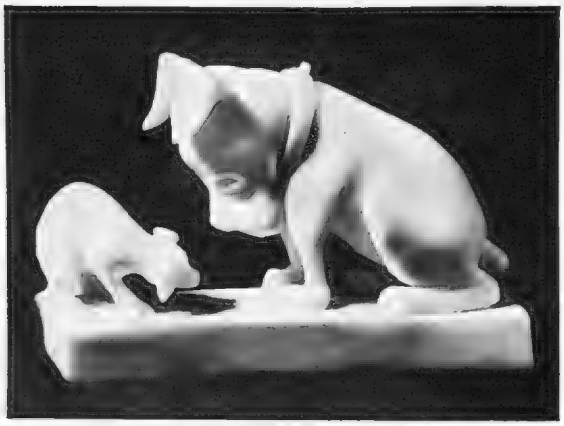
PRIZE - WINNING SCULPTURE THAT COULD BE A "WASH-OUT," BUT ISN'T.

"A BLIZZARD," "SIESTA," AND ANIMALS CARVED IN WHITE SOAP.



"THE BLIZZARD," *by Betty Keeran, was awarded a first prize. It shows a Western steer with its back to the snowstorm.*

"SIESTA," *by Elizabeth M. Nealon, was a first-prize winner in the advanced amateur class.*

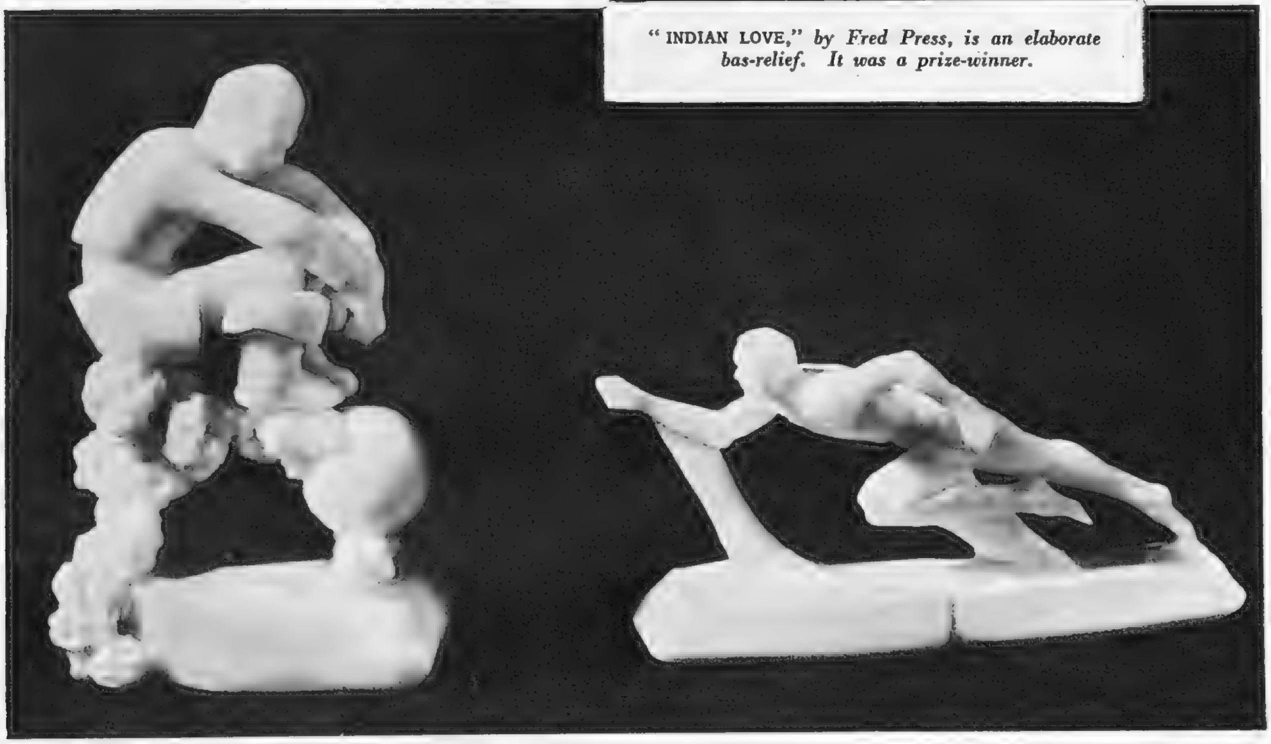


The liveliness and honour of this DOGGY GROUP *in white soap ensured it an Honourable Mention.*

"GROTESQUE ELEPHANT," *by Tom Stevens, was a prize-winner.*

"INDIAN LOVE," *by Fred Press, is an elaborate bas-relief. It was a prize-winner.*

"GROTESQUE," *by Elizabeth Anne Philbrick, was a prize-winning exhibit.*



Left: "YOUTH SITTING ON A CLOUD WITH THE WORLD AT HIS FEET," *by Robert Hodgell, and* "RUNNER STARTING TO RUN," *by Anthony Petrizzo, were winners in the junior class.*

OVER one thousand pieces were to be seen at the Annual Competition for small sculptures in soap held in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, and are now on a tour of the principal art galleries of the United States. The photographs on our page give some idea of the charm and grace of these little objects, which look as if they were carved out of ivory.

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. CLAPPERTON.

UNITED BORDER ENJOYMENT.

The smiling faces of LADY ANNE HOPE *and the* DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *(right) are ample proof that they enjoyed the United Border Hunt 'Chases held at Kelso the other day. Lady Anne is the eldest daughter of H.E. the Viceroy of India and of the Marchioness of Linlithgow. The Duchess of Roxburghe, who was Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, is the wife of the ninth Duke and was married in 1935. She and her husband spend a good deal of time at Floors Castle, their Scottish home, and are immensely popular in the county.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE NURSERY-SLOPERS—FOR SNOWLESS SKI-ING ON THE FLOOR OF A SWEDISH CHURCH HALL.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR *(John Buchan; and here "Morning Light")*—FOR BEING SUPPORTED ONLY BY SIX MEALS A DAY AND FRIENDLINESS, AND THUS WINNING FROM HIS ENFROSTED MAJESTY KING SANTA CLAUS I. THE MOST ENVIABLE ORDER OF THE SEEKERS FOR THE NORTH.

IN order to prepare for the coming winter sports season, a "DRY" SKI-ING CLASS was started last week in the hall of the Swedish Church, Harcourt Street, under the instruction of Mr. Pauli Gstrein.

MRS. VIOLET TURVEY is a stewardess at the Dunstable Gliding Club, which indicates her intrepid nature, but even then it's surprising that she should have so overcome any fear of mice that she should own 1700 and let them run about her arms and shoulders, as shown in our photograph! She is an expert at the difficult art of breeding mice of different colours, which she sells to dealers. She is sailing for the U.S.A. shortly with 100 pedigree white mice, to fulfil orders received from there.

THE tables were SET ROUND ANCIENT GUNS at the banquet given recently at the Invalides, in Paris, in honour of American Legionaries visiting France.

RICHARDSON had a sequence of eighty-four losing mounts before winning the Cambridgeshire on Artist's Prince for Major Glover and Mrs. Dines. The colt was given by Captain Ahern to Dines. Afterwards a partnership was formed between Mrs. Dines and Major Glover.

MRS. VIOLET TURVEY—FOR BELONGING TO THE NATIONAL MOUSE CLUB AND SEEING THAT THERE ARE PLENTY OF MICE TO OWN.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR (better known, perhaps, as John Buchan, the historian and novelist), Governor-General of Canada, was made free of the Canadian Arctic when on his recent tour in the North-West Territories of Canada. "The Distributor," in which the party were travelling, was challenged in accordance with the customs and manners of the sea and boarded by King Santa Claus, his Bard and his Medicine Man. The proclamation read by the Bard to the Vice-regal party was a lengthy and well-phrased one which said that as his Excellency "had faced the peril of sunstroke, tempest, dogs, mosquitoes, sandbars, stranding flies and fire, supported only by six meals a day and friendliness, it is decreed that by Command of his Enfrosted Majesty King Santa Claus I. . . . he be given leave to cross the Arctic Circle and be admitted into the Most Enviable Order of the Seekers for the North." H.E.'s Indian Chief name is "Morning Light."

THESE AMERICAN LEGIONARIES—FOR HAVING CANNON TO LEFT OF THEM AND CANNON TO RIGHT OF THEM WHILE BANQUETING IN THE INVALIDES.

A. RICHARDSON *and* ARTIST'S PRINCE—THE ONE FOR WINNING THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE AFTER RIDING EIGHTY-FOUR LOSERS; THE LATTER FOR ONCE BEING A GIFT-HORSE AND YET WINNING THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *was godmother to little* CAROLINE VICTORIA, *daughter of the* HON. CHARLES WOOD *and* MRS. WOOD, *at her christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The baby is a granddaughter of Lord Halifax.*

CONCERTS, bridge, charity and art are the big four of the Little Season, and we are now well away with them, though we had our Newmarket last week as an excuse for dashing out of London to show our newest autumn hats in the very last burst of summery sunshine.

Let's start with art—it begins with the first letter of the alphabet, anyway, and was pretty important last week. It 's not often that husband and wife are artists of outstanding ability (though we have got the Knights to show us that R.A.s can keep the home fires burning together) such as Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Devas. He, you 'll remember, had a most successful show at the Wildenstein Galleries last spring, and now Mrs. Devas, who exhibits under her maiden name of Nicolette Macnamara, is having her first show of paintings at the Storran Gallery's new premises at 5, Albany Court Yard. Of the twenty-three paintings shown, a great many treat of birds and flowers—a happy choice, for Miss Nicolette Macnamara has a special gift and feeling for these subjects. Her treatment of birds is particularly happy, and shows that she has both knowledge, power of observation, and a real feeling for Nature. She has made tremendous strides since she showed some water-colours at the Cooling Gallery two years ago.

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As Nicolette Macnamara is still in the twenties, it is obvious that some connoisseurs, at any rate, do not wait to buy pictures until the artist is old or dead or has achieved world-wide repute, for she sold several of her canvases. Lord Hambleden and his brother, Mr. James Smith, bought some. Lord Hambleden, by the way, and his wife, have been painted by Mr. Anthony Devas, so Mrs. Devas must be delighted that such distinguished patrons like her work as well as that of her husband! The private-view crowd was definitely smart, and included Lady Hinchingbrooke, who shares her father-in-law's interest in art—he is Lord Sandwich, and one of the greatest connoisseurs of the day—Lady Napier, Miss Dorothy Dickson, and Sir Robert Witt.

MR. FRANCIS LORING GWYNNE-EVANS, *younger son of Sir Evan and Lady Gwynne-Evans, of Oaklands Park, Newnham-on-Severn, and* MISS ELISABETH FFORDE TIPPING *were married recently at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride is a daughter of Mr. J. Fforde Tipping, of Christchurch, New Zealand, and of the late Mrs. Fforde Tipping. In the absence of her father in New Zealand, the bride was given away by her cousin, Mr. F. C. Fforde.*

THIS IMPORTANT BABY, *seen with his mother,* MRS. IAN CAMPBELL, *is heir to the Duke of Argyll. Mr. Ian Douglas Campbell married, as his second wife, Mrs. Vanneck, formerly Miss Louise Clews, daughter of Henry Clews, of The Château of La Napoule, A.M., France. The baby was born this year.*

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Lord and Lady Hambleden are genuine patrons of the arts, and in spite of their busy lives and their many responsibilities (she is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, as well as the mistress of a large house and the mother of a family of young children), I was interested to see that they went to the first night of "Measure for Measure," at the Old Vic, with Emlyn Williams and Marie Ney as Angelo and Isabella. Their party included Lady Anglesey, looking charming with her white *mèche* of hair, which she "matched" with her beautifully worked short ermine wrap.

This attractive photograph shows MR. *and* MRS. EVERARD RADCLIFFE, JR., *at his father's home, St. Trinian's Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire. Mr. Radcliffe is heir, after his father, to Sir Joseph Radcliffe, the fourth baronet, of Rudding Park, Harrogate. He is a subaltern in the 60th Rifles; and both he and his wife are lovers of country life. He plays cricket, squash, and lawn tennis, and hunts with the Zetland and Bramham Moor. Mrs. Radcliffe is a charming American.*

Lord Hambleden followed a French precedent, as he was in day dress, while the women in his party wore evening attire. That Shakespeare is a genuine draw at the Old Vic, was proved not only by the packed and attentive house, but by the presence of so many well-known people. Lady Colefax, always in the movement, was seated in the stalls, talking to Mr. Raymond Mortimer during one of the intervals. Just behind her were the St. John Hutchinsons, she in black, as usual.

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Those who attend lectures generally sally forth rather consciously in Search of Culture. They don't expect to meet quips and cranks and wreathed smiles, or to find themselves rocking with laughter. However, all who went to Prunier's to hear the first "Lecture for Gourmets"—a little chat on oysters—got a surprise. Mr. Boulenger was unable to deliver the lecture, so Mr. Compton Mackenzie kindly obliged, and kept the audience in fits of merriment over his vastly entertaining talk on the succulent bivalve. Oysters must indeed have confusing lives, for it appears that they change their sex four times a year! Perhaps this slight kink accounts for the sad mortality among the little oysters, whose high birth-rate turns out most disappointingly, as only a small percentage reach adult oysterhood!

Mme. Prunier received her guests and talked both French and English, for she is now thoroughly at home in London. Mme. de Margerie, Miss Martita Hunt, Mr. Edward Astley, son of Lord Hastings, and Sir Stephen Bull were a few of those who turned up to hear the lecture, and to eat some of the "subjects" of it afterwards.

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Sir Ronald Storrs always has a smiling face, but he 's looking even happier than usual at the moment, and no wonder, for wherever he goes he receives congratulations on his book "Orientations," which is in everyone's drawing-room already, though it 's only just appeared. He and Lady Storrs were on front-row sofas at Mrs. Augustus Ralli's Sunday evening concert at the Hyde Park Hotel. Lady Olga Montagu, handsome and distinguished-looking in black and gold, little Lady Maureen Noel, in white and silver (one of the few young girls at the party), Mrs. Fergus Macnaghten and other music-lovers were also to be seen, and I believe that Mr. Dulanty, High Commissioner for the Irish Free State, was there to hear the Irish tenor, Mr. Alfred O'Shea, and the young pianist,

Miss Betty Humby. Last Sunday, the Hyde Park Hotel concert-room was again filled by Mrs. Ralli's activity, for it was the scene of her concert in aid of the West London Hospital, at which Segovia and Moiseiwitsch played. Moiseiwitsch is just home from a most interesting and successful tour, during which he managed to get some rounds of his favourite pastime—golf.

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After the concert the other Sunday, I went to the Café de Paris, where one or two Newmarket habitués were having a late night before going to H.Q. for the Cambridgeshire meeting. Sir "Scatters" Wilson (now a proud grandfather) was dancing when I arrived, and Lord and Lady Milton came in soon after. Lady Mary Walker, who was with her husband and a party of friends, wore a most exciting dress. It was of white satin, and on the skirt, as a deep hem, one could admire a panoramic view of New York embroidered in metal studs! I was able to pick out Brooklyn bridge, skyscrapers and other landmarks of the great city. Some of the windows were set with gold studs, which made them look as if they were lit up.

DR. DANIEL and MRS. PRENN *are seen with their "lawn tennis hope," recently born. Dr. Prenn, who represented Germany in the Davis Cup, 1928-30 and in 1932, and is very well known at Wimbledon, said of his child: "I hope that in twenty years he will play for Britain in the Davis Cup."*

NICOLETTE MACNAMARA *is holding her first show of paintings at the new home of the Storran Gallery, 5, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly. This portrait of her is by her husband, Anthony Devas, who is already well known. Miss Macnamara is very keen on painting birds in their natural haunts, and hopes to go to Gannet Island, South Wales, next year for subjects.*

. . .

I never remember seeing such crowds at Newmarket on Cambridgeshire day; there were fleets of cars, and the number of air-minded racegoers who come by 'plane increases yearly. As far as the weather went, it was not too good a day, as there was a slight mist which prevented one seeing the starts and being able to read the races properly. However, it didn't rain, and wasn't too cold, so we had a lot to be thankful for. It seemed early to bring out mink and sable coats, and the women who wore gay tweeds looked nicer than their be-furred sisters. Lady Cambridge was one of the best dressed among the many well-knowns in her new "London tan" coloured tweed with a peaked cap to match. She was saying: "My butler says No. 3 is to win the Nursery Stakes to-day." "No wonder," replied her friend, "the horse is Pantryman." Unfortunately, this "household racing hint" did not come off.

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Lady O'Neill and Lady Stavordale wore halo brims to their hats, and were both being chipped about them by the Duke of Marlborough. The two hats were just about the same shape, one in bright purple and the other in black bound with royal blue. Both were worn right off the face at a very acute angle. The Duke told them they both looked very nice in this angelic mode—and he was certainly telling the truth. Lady Durham was in the same group, in blue, with the loveliest sapphire and diamond brooch set with large pearls as well, which also came in for admiration. Lord Durham and Lord Stavordale were among the discriminating racegoers who found the winner of the big race, but were saying that they had so much laid out elsewhere that their win didn't mean a big profit. The Princess Royal looked extremely well in a very attractive shade of green. She went down to see the winner of the Cambridgeshire led in, and took her usual keen interest in the sport.

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Though we don't go racing to look at hats or fashions, I couldn't keep my eyes off some of the new ones. The high, almost "Plantagenet" crowns worn by a good many of the smart were great fun. Clare Lady Cowley was perhaps the most high-hat of all in a lofty beige velvet, with tufts of marabout floating about in front, which she had bought in Paris.

This portrait of MR. RICHARD SICKERT WAS PAINTED IN 1894 *by Jacques-Emile Blanche, whose exhibition is now on at Tooth's Gallery, Bond Street. There is a lapse of forty years between this portrait and the other on this page. They show variations of his famous catholicism in hats! This picture is owned by Dr. J. Rothenstein, M.A.*

Mrs. Henry Garnett, the former Mary Gerard Leigh also had a very tall, cone-shaped cap of light-blue felt, with folds of puce and rust-coloured chiffon wound round it; and Lady Mary Lygon wore her amusing red felt cut in strips and then caught together at the top of her head with the hair showing through each strip.

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The Royal Philharmonic Society opened its 126th season with a choral concert under Sir Thomas Beecham, for which the famous Festival Chorus was brought specially from Leeds to sing in Beethoven's Mass in D and Handel's "Dettingen" Te Deum. The latter was composed by Handel to commemorate the battle of Dettingen, fought in 1743, at which King George II. commanded the army in person. It was first performed at the Chapel Royal in the same year, and is a typical piece of Handel's magniloquence. It 's a grateful work for a choir and provided a pleasant recreation after their more strenuous work in Beethoven's Mass.

The Mass in D, known as the most difficult of all Beethoven's works, was conducted for the first time by Sir Thomas at the Leeds Festival. As usual with our great conductor, the rendering was thoroughly alive and had many beautiful moments. The Leeds choir is superb. The tone of the sopranos is excellent, even in their fortissimos; the basses do not shout, but sing; and the tenors have a fine body of tone and are a joy to hear; and the same may be said of the altos. The solo quartet consisted of Miss Isobel Baillie, Miss Mary Jarred, Mr. Heddle Nash, and Mr. Harold Williams. The bass was, I thought, occasionally rather weak, but Miss Baillie has improved since I last heard her and both Miss Jarred and Mr. Nash were excellent.

MARIEGOLD.

Here is M. Jacques-Emile Blanche's more up-to-date portrait of RICHARD (WALTER) SICKERT, PAINTED IN 1935. *M. Blanche's exceedingly interesting book of memoirs, "Portraits of a Lifetime," is just coming out while his show at Tooth's is on.*

PRINCESS XENIA ASTAFIEVA *pronounced a blessing in Russian before the* ROAST BEAR *was served at the Austria Restaurant Bear Supper.*

A LIVE BEAR *from Siberia was a guest at the Bear Supper.* PRINCESS XENIA ASTAFIEVA *(r.) and* MISS SUSANNE HOOD *are with the animal.*

MISS DIANA BARNATO *made friends with the* LIVE BEAR *at the Bear Supper.*

The marriage of MISS MARY L. McLINTOCK, *youngest daughter of Sir William and Lady McLintock, to Mr. Malcolm G. Lillingston, son of Canon A. B. G. Lillingston, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

LORD PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART, *younger son of the Marquess of Bute, married* MISS JANE VON BAHR, *daughter of Captain and Mrs. Von Bahr, of Stockholm, at St. James's, Spanish Place.*

LONDON AND HOLLYWOOD NEWS IN PICTURES.

Right: A group of British lawn tennis stars in Hollywood, where they visited the Samuel Goldwyn studio. The names (l. to r.) are: MISS MARY HARDWICK, MISS EVELYN DEARMAN, MRS. CHARLES COOPER, MISS KAY STAMMERS, MISS PEGGY INGRAM, MR. ARCHIE MAYO *(director of "The Adventures of Marco Polo"),* MISS SIGRID GURIE *(leading lady),* MR. RUDOLPH MATE *(cinematographer),* MRS. WILSON JONES, MISS MARGOT LUMB, *and* MISS FREDA JAMES; *and (at the back)* MESSRS. C. M. JONES, CHARLES HARE, FRANK SHIELDS, BASIL RATHBONE, GARY COOPER, *and* CAPTAIN N. B. HORN. MESSRS. DOUGLAS FIELDS *and* CHARLES COOPER *are kneeling.*

RICHARD II.'S QUEEN.

MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT gives a charming performance as the Queen in John Gielgud's "Richard II.," at the Queen's Theatre. The production has proved so successful that it is to run for an additional fortnight—till November 13—when it will be followed by "The School for Scandal."

FROM THE DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY PERSONALITIES (PRESS SERVICE).

F

FAMOUS FORTS

CONWAY CASTLE
Built by Edward I as a Royal Castle to help quell uprisings by the troublesome Welsh of that period.

The fair face of Britain was studded in former days with forts, dominant and impregnable. Today an overwhelming majority of British motorists wisely put their cars, their comfort, their comrades of the road and their sense of economy in the safe keeping and dependable stronghold of

DUNLOP Fort TYRES

C.F.H.

CAMERA STUDY BY KAY VAUGHAN.

THE FUTURE VISCOUNTESS PARKER.

The engagement of the HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD, *only daughter of Lord and Lady Sandhurst, to Viscount Parker, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield, has been announced. Miss Mansfield, who was a Coronation year débutante, is in her nineteenth year.*

"HIDE AND SEEK" — WITH BOBBY HOWES AND CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

"HIDE AND SEEK," *the new musical play at the London Hippodrome, opens at a pierrot entertainment on Seahaven Beach.* CICELY COURTNEIDGE, *as Sally, is giving a number just before the rain comes pouring down and makes the performance a wash-out.*

Sally (CICELY COURTNEIDGE) *and her opposite number, Tommy* (BOBBY HOWES), *are seen at the back of the stage. They both long to go to the States.*

Tommy and Sally share an overcoat when going through the rain on the Cliff Road, and do a dance in it. Sally finds in the pocket a letter referring to a mysterious bond which may mean a fortune to the pair.

Ricky (IAN MACLEAN; *right*) *invites Tommy and Sally to his apartment and offers to give Sally a stage job in the U.S.A. He refuses, however, to take Tommy, although the pair always act together.*

The bond, which consists of shares in a Horseless Carriage Company, is said to be at the Racing Horse Inn, and the action takes a "flash-back" to 1890, when Mike (BOBBY HOWES), *father of Tommy, won the Derby and a big bet from a man who could not pay, and so gave him the shares, then worthless.*

In the 1890 scenes CICELY COURTNEIDGE *appears as Mabel, the barmaid of the Running Horse Inn. She goes to America and takes the Horseless Carriage shares with her. When the play returns to 1937, the scene is laid in the U.S.A., where Tommy and Sally find a fortune.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM STUDIO.

NOT EARL'S COURTING!

This remarkable vehicle will not be found at Earl's Court, where the great Motor Show closes on Saturday; nor has it been on view at the Ford Show at the Albert Hall! It is the car in which BURGESS MEREDITH *and* LILLIAN GISH *appear on the stage in "*THE STAR WAGON,*" the new Maxwell Anderson play which Guthrie McClintock is presenting at the Empire Theatre, New York.*

SEEING STARS DOUBLED! FAMOUS FILM FOLK AND THEIR "STAND-INS."

JOEL McCREA *(r.) with his stand-in,* CARL ANDRE, *who is an ex - dentis t and is often mistaken for McCrea.*

Left: CARY GRANT *(l.) and his stand-in,* MAL MERRIHUGH. *Mal has worked for Cary for three years and is his batman.*

Right: CHARLES WINNINGER *(l.) vnd his brother,* ADOLPH WINNINGER, *the perfect stand-in. Adolph is new to Hollywood and hopes to become an actor.*

WARNER OLAND *(l.) with his stand-in,* RAY CREELMAN, *who was formerly an actor and has been with Warner for many years.*

JANET GAYNOR *(r.) checking over her lines with her stand-in,* MARY JANE IRVING, *who used to be a child star.*

EVERY star has his or her "stand-in." This does not mean that the deputy ever plays a scene for the principal; but that he goes through the sequences in advance and is the dummy for the camera-men to get the focus right, for lighting and timing, so that the star may be spared unnecessary fatigue. Stars always have a stand-in who resembles them, and in some cases the likeness is so striking as to be almost a double, as illustrated by the photographs on these pages.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *(l.) and her friend and stand-in,* MARY LOU ISLIEB, *who is just the same age as the star.*

Right: VICTOR McLAGLEN *(centre) with his stand-in* ARTHUR McLAGLEN *(l.).*

Left: LESLIE HOWARD *(l.) and his stand-in,* RICHARD FOSTER. *Foster devotes his spare time to studying film technique and wood-carving.*

MERLE OBERON *(r.) with her stand-in,* ANYA TARANDA, *who wore a black wig when standing-in for Merle.*

LEWIS STONE *(r.) and* STUART RICHARDS. *Stuart, a wealthy retired business man, wagered that he could get the job as stand-in for Lewis Stone in " Too Clever to Live." He won his bet.*

LYN HARDING as *Henry VIII. with Princess Elizabeth, later the great Queen.*

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN," *at th Curzon, is Sacha Guitry's historical film covering in its sweep some four hundred years and introducing historical characters. The personages speak French in the scenes set in France, English when the action moves to this country, and Italian when it is set in the Vatican.* JAMES CRAVEN *plays Holbein.*

Henry IV. of France (AIMÉ SIMON GIRARD) *and Gabrielle d'Estrées* (GERMAINE AUSSEY).

BARBARA SHAW *as the beautiful Anne Boleyn.*

YVETTE PIENNE *as the tragic Mary I. of England, daughter of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon.*

Left: JACQUELINE DELUBAC *as Mary, Queen of Scots, wearing* deuil blanc *for Francis II.*

Right: YVETTE PIENNE *as Queen Elizabeth, the ageing Gloriana.*

SACHA GUITRY'S TRILINGUAL FILM, "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN."

Among other characters, SACHA GUITRY *plays Barras in his new picture* "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN," *at the Curzon. The story deals with seven wonderful pearls, four of which were placed in the crown of England by Queen Victoria, and introduces historical personages.*

JEAN LOUIS BARRAULT *as the Young Bonaparte in one of the sequences.*

EMILE DRAIN *as the Emperor Napoleon at the end of his career.*

Napoleon III. (SACHA GUITRY) *gives one of the pearls to the Empress Eugénie* (RAYMONDE ALLAIN).

JACQUELINE DELUBAC *and* JEAN LOUIS BARRAULT *as Joséphine de Beauharnais and Bonaparte.*

Left: RAYMONDE ALLAIN *as the Empress Eugénie at the height of her beauty.*

Right: ARLETTY *as the Queen of Ethiopia, from whom one of the pearls is obtained.*

GREAT PERSONAGES OF HISTORY PRESENTED IN THE GUITRY FILM.

FIRST - NIGHTERS FOR "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN."

The HON. MRS. RONALD SENIOR, *eldest daughter of Lord Joicey,* MRS. LINLEY MESSEL, *and* MRS. ROGER CREWDSON *were among the audience at the premier presentation of* "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN," *Sacha Guitry's new film, at the Curzon.*

This group shows the MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY *(facing camera; background), his fiancée,* MRS. DUDLEY WARD, MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT, *and* VISCOUNTESS MOORE *(l. to r.).*

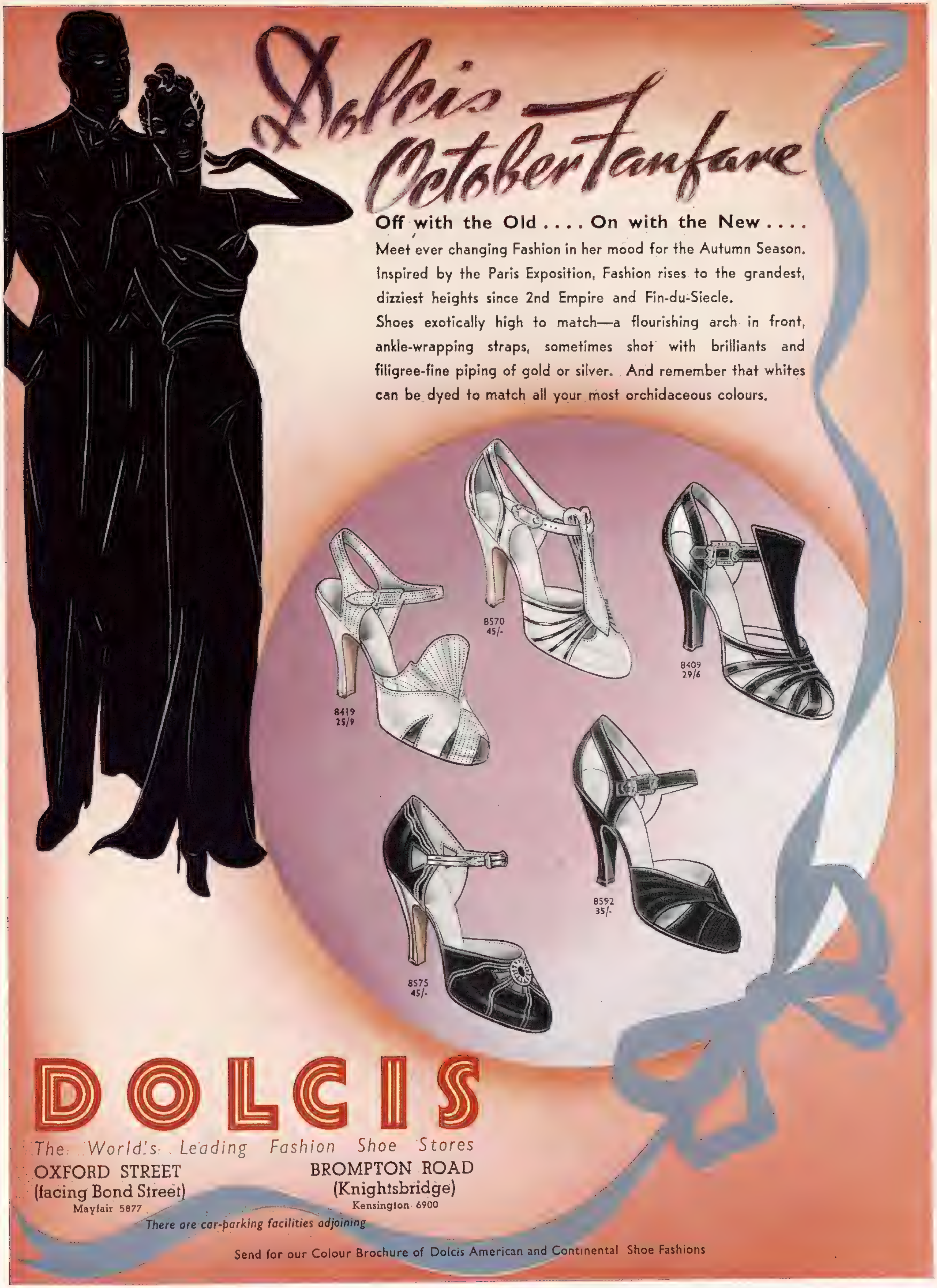
MR. WHITNEY *and* LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT *were among the young-marrieds present. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea.*

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, MR. CHARLES SWEENY, MRS. GWYNN, *and* MRS. MILLER *are the quartet in this group.*

Right: MRS. DUDLEY WARD *and the* MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY, *whose engagement has just been announced, received many congratulations.*

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, MRS. MINTO WILSON, MRS. HOWARD, *and* MR. VILLIERS *faced the camera when arriving at the Curzon.*

MISS S. MILVAIN, MISS E. GARRETT, MR. DENNIS BRADLEY, *and* LADY ELIZABETH MONTAGU. *Lady Elizabeth is the younger daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.*



Dolcis — October Fanfare
Off with the Old . . . . On with the New . . . .
Meet ever changing Fashion in her mood for the Autumn Season. Inspired by the Paris Exposition, Fashion rises to the grandest, dizziest heights since 2nd Empire and Fin-du-Siecle.
Shoes exotically high to match—a flourishing arch in front, ankle-wrapping straps, sometimes shot with brilliants and filigree-fine piping of gold or silver. And remember that whites can be dyed to match all your most orchidaceous colours.
8570 45/-
8409 29/6
8419 25/9
8592 35/-
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The World's Leading Fashion Shoe Stores
OXFORD STREET (facing Bond Street) Mayfair 5877
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There are car-parking facilities adjoining
Send for our Colour Brochure of Dolcis American and Continental Shoe Fashions

POST THIS LETTER TONIGHT!

AND HAVE A SPOTLESS CONTENTED KITCHEN..

A letter or postcard to this address will bring you a catalogue of ESSE Cookers. You are interested in kitchen cleanliness and kitchen economy, combined with the most appetising cooking, and above all, you are anxious to keep a happy contented kitchen staff.

It is pleasant for you to go into a kitchen free from fumes, dust, smoky walls, heat and worry.

The many hundreds of unsolicited testimonials we have received, from homes all over Britain, testify to the satisfaction experienced in ESSE kitchens. Cooks who use an ESSE say that they will not work with any other cooker. Cooks are saved so much dirty work, and they can depend on ovens and boiling plate being always ready to give good cooking results.

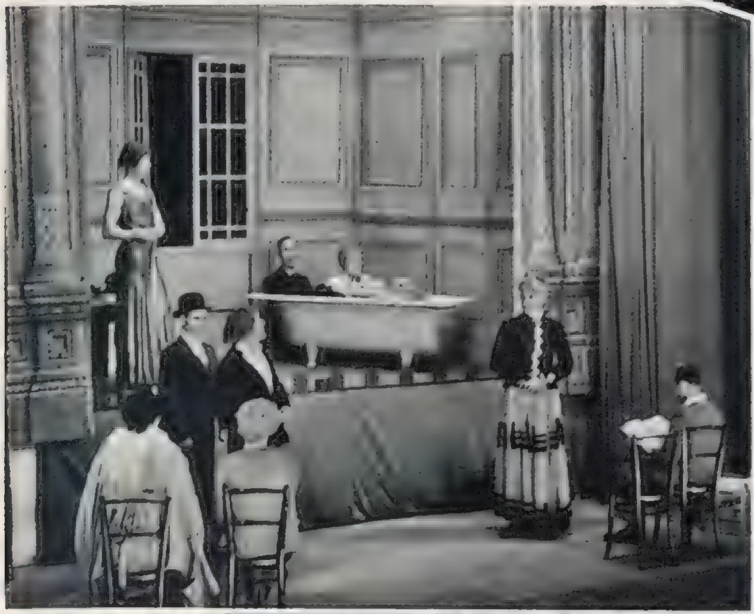
Post this letter to-night asking for full details, cash and hire purchase terms, of the PREMIER ESSE (illustrated above) for large residences, the ESSE MINOR for smaller households or the ESSE MAJOR for heavy duty, to the ESSE COOKER COMPANY* Bonnybridge, Scotland, or London Showrooms and Demonstration Kitchens, 63 Conduit Street, W.1. Note: All ESSE Cookers can be supplied combined with domestic Water Heater in one complete unit.

ESSE

*Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Est. 1854

A GOOD DEED: "THE GANG SHOW, 1937."

Right: "THE GANG SHOW, 1937," *was presented at the Scala last week. It is the sixth of the famous series presented by the enterprising and able "Holborn Rover." Here are George Cameron, Charles Kail, and Jack Beet (l. to r.) in* "OFFICERS' MESS."



"DRESS REHEARSAL" *was one of the amusing numbers.*

"LOCAL BROADCAST" *presented an amateur choir.*

"STATUES IN THE PARK" *was one of the most brilliant sketches.*

Below: "WE MUST BE AN A1 NATION" *was a topical sketch introducing "rowing girls."*

Below: The chorus from "WE MUST BE AN A1 NATION" *was composed of "really nice girls."*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

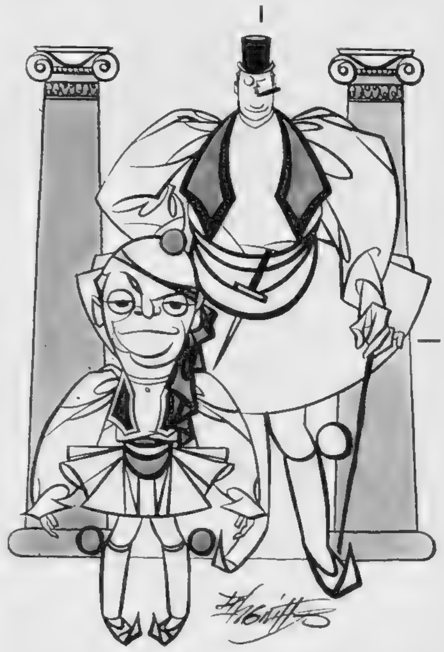
THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

At the Whitehall Theatre a manager whose name is new to me, Mr. Forbes Randolph, has opened a season for which he has obtained regular subscribers rather on the lines of the Theatre Guild of New York, and hopes, of course, to obtain more. He has a comfortable and suitable playhouse, which was recently established in great favour by the enormous run of "Anthony and Anna." One hopes that he will be able to go on and prosper. But he must, if he is to carry forward a new idea with success, have plays with fresh ideas and an air of up-to-dateness in technique and presentation.

"THE DEAD HAND," by Cicely Fraser and Edward G. Hemmerde, was rather an ominous title, and it began with some ominously old-fashioned acting. An elderly scientist, who combined rare distinction in his profession with a tendency to behave like one who had seen some blood-and-thunder stuff in his boyhood and lacked the sense to forget it, resolved to take revenge on a young rival in work and matrimony by framing-up a charge of murder against him, even if this meant suicide on his own part. In any case, a conviction would both gratify his sense of retaliation and prove his theory that the law is a fallible and fearful thing which hangs innocent men, despite the common protest that innocence can always establish its claims. Well, there's an idea for throwing new light on the Old Bailey. So off to the Old Bailey we duly went. But have not these court-scenes been worked to death? I yield to none in believing that Mr. Fisher White makes a more gravely, resonantly judge-like judge than most of the real occupants of the Bench. But I have seen Mr. Fisher White do this of old, and his performance, being correct, suffers the penalty of perfect rightness and cannot get any better. Then there are those speeches of counsel, effectively delivered, of course (they always are), and the lady agonising in the box. Mr. Hemmerde was putting butterflies on that wheel years ago. All very well, then, if you regard going to the theatre as part of a conservative education, but may not supporters of new theatrical ventures suggest that they would like a change?

"GOING GREEK," *at the Gaiety. Philo-hellenes should disabuse their minds of any idea that* MR. LESLIE HENSON *appears like this.*



No! MR. LESLIE HENSON'S *interests are not in Greece of the glory that was fame. Here he is with* FRED EMNEY *as Ally and Pally, two crumbling pillars of the ancient trade of banditry.*

Then again, the trick-finish of the play, while it sustained suspense, was not exactly convincing, and young people, who have now a very high standard of criminological plausibility, thanks to the myriad of crime-books written and the ability brought to the best of them, may protest that they want a higher grade of mystery than this. There is a possible retort that the theatre, as "G. B. S." once said, is always forty years behind the time and it cannot be expected to produce murders and mysteries and explanations with half the ingenuity of an Anthony Berkeley or a Freeman Wills Croft. However that may be, youth had two victories in this affair, and these were the excellent performances of Miss Margaretta Scott and Mr. Godfrey Kenton in parts which can hardly have afforded them much glee.

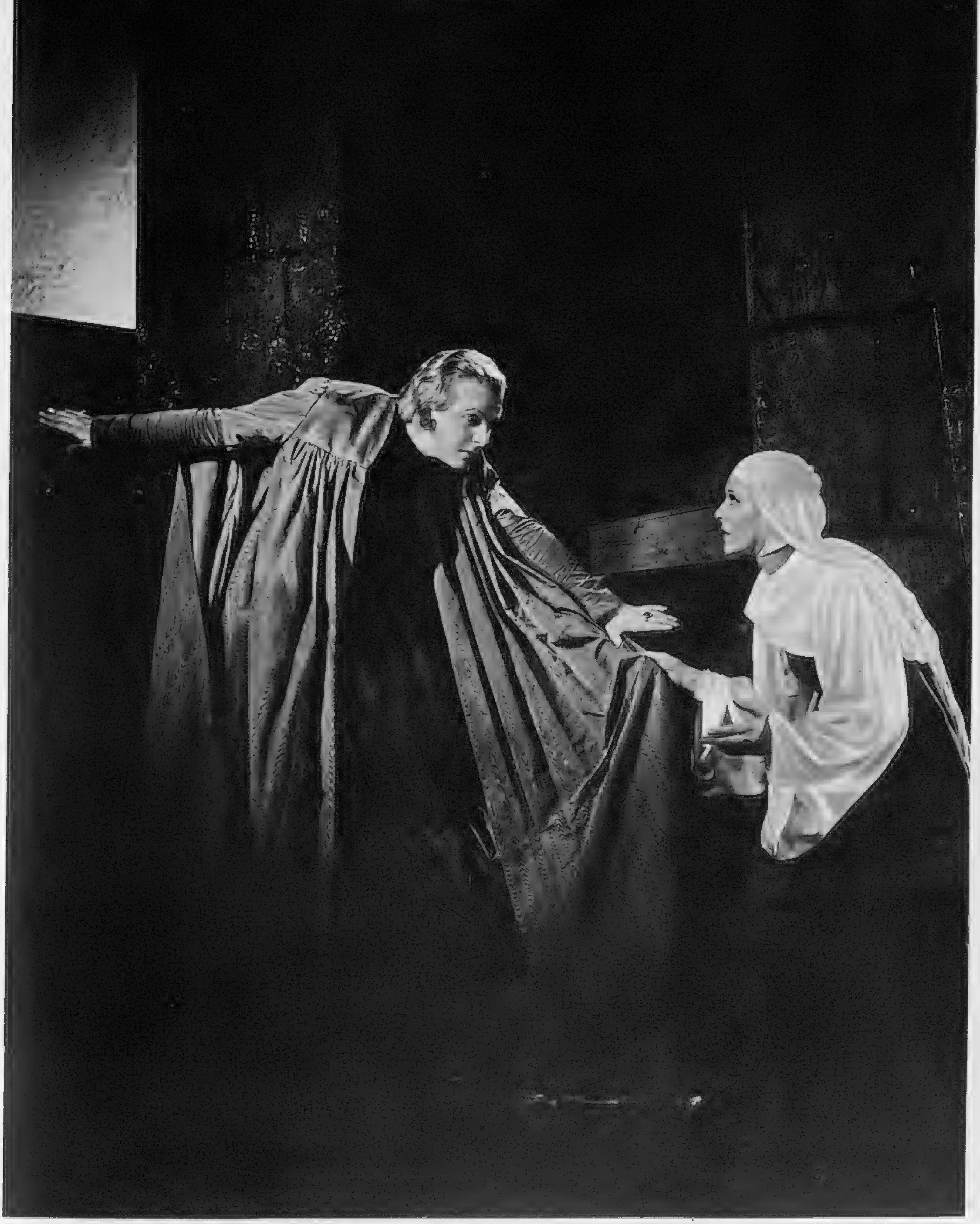
Mr. Randolph must not be discouraged. The Theatre Guild of New York started, I believe, with a failure and was then rescued by Mr. Ervine's "John Ferguson." There may be an omen here.

The exigencies of the plot of "Going Greek" require that Ally (LESLIE HENSON; *right) and Pally* (FRED EMNEY; *centre) should convince Mogolini* (RICHARD HEARNE) *that they are all ghosts together. Mogolini wishes to find out if the sense of touch is in functioning order. To his question, "Do you feel anything?" Ally, the hero, is bound to answer "No."*

Some postponements of first nights made a survey of our music halls possible. Frankly, there is not, in Central London, so very much left to survey. The spectacle of a Leicester Square without a single "human-being" entertainment—all "movies" and milk-bars—is shortly to be one of London's more dismal features. Perhaps a few variety turns will be admitted as part of the bill in one of the new picture palaces which are to replace the Alhambra and Daly's. But nobody can pretend that variety is holding its own in this area. Last winter we had vaudeville at the Victoria Palace, which has recently reverted to "legitimate," and offers Lord Peter Wimsey (now Mr. Basil Foster) another site for his ingenious "Busman's Honeymoon."

THE WINDMILL preserves its identity and has established a tradition. Its present programme has a most capable comedian in Mr. Hal Bryan, and in Mr. Ernest Shannon a mimic with a nice range of targets and a shrewd way of hitting them. There are the usual spirited dancing items, including a history of "hoofing" from the gavotte to the can-can. Continuous variety or revue will soon be back at the reconstructed Prince of Wales's. It has never flagged at the Windmill, a house which has always been able to make its own stars and has kept a wonderful standard of staging a new continuous show every three weeks. If the Palladium is now to be reckoned as a revue house, then THE HOLBORN is obviously the main temple of variety. It certainly offers the best of both worlds, the hearty, hammering British style of comic attack and the slick, quick, American method of cracking wisely. Last week, for instance, the Holborn was presenting that very lively personality, Mr. Harry Richman, and also, one of my favourites, Mr. V. C. Oliver. Very few people can slip a point across as neatly as this nimble-minded droll. It is not a case of Oliver asking for more, but of audiences asking for more Oliver.

The music hall and the broad methods of pantomime are now called in at the Old Vic by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie to help him with the problems of Shavian and Shakespearean laughter. Mr. Jay Laurier, for example, who did so well as Mr. Shaw's unhappy dustman in "Pygmalion," is first clown in "MEASURE FOR MEASURE." This production of an unusual and admittedly difficult play has one of the most strangely assorted and exciting casts in London. Shakespeare with Miss Marie Ney we have known before and highly approved. But Shakespeare with Mr. Emlyn Williams—a good Shakespearean in his Oxford days—Miss Jean Cadell and Mr. Jay Laurier may be described as gloriously unusual. Such a production is a great deal better worth visiting than routine presentations of the plays which we have seen till we ache at the repetition of their puns and purple passages. Poor Shakespeare! He never intended to be "for all time," and, if he had foreseen his illustrious fate, he might have cut some of the quips and quibbles which now seem—well, not so hot.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

EMLYN WILLIAMS AND MARIE NEY IN SHAKESPEARE.

EMLYN WILLIAMS *is making his first appearance in Shakespeare, as Angelo in Tyrone Guthrie's production of "Measure for Measure," at the Old Vic, opposite to* MARIE NEY *as Isabella. They are here shown in the famous scene when Isabella refuses to ransom her brother's life at the price of her virtue. Emlyn Williams, who wears a blond wig and a flowing grey gown, gives a very fine performance, and the white heat of indignation with which Marie Ney plays the chaste Isabella is a new reading of this difficult character.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE Curzon has opened its autumn season with a French picture of peculiar interest, in which Sacha Guitry, its author and co-director, with Christian Jaque, continues to explore the possibilities of commentary, and bravely attacks the barriers of language. "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" neither possesses nor aims at the caustic wit of "Le Roman d'un Tricheur." It is, as M. Guitry himself describes it, a "pageant of fact and fancy, adventure and romance," boldly conceived and handled with such firmness of touch, such breadth of treatment and experimental audacity that its many ingredients are welded into an impressive whole. On a necklace of seven priceless pearls, gradually collected and as gradually dispersed, until four of them find their appointed place in the crown of England, M. Guitry has hung a story of sovereigns, courts and courtiers that travels through many pages of history, and many lands, even to the Far East and to Ethiopia. The tale is told partly in narrative form, by an English equerry and a French professor, partly by its protagonists, and always in the language of the country which it happens to invade, notably France, England and Italy. M. Guitry, faithful to his novel formula, even introduces a few chirrups and gurgles which may well be the tongue of Ethiopia, though their meaning reaches our ignorant ears through the medium of no less than three interpreters in a merry little interlude concerning a dusky Queen and a pearl-hunting Italian gallant, emissary of the wily Pope Clement VII.

"CRAZY DAYS," *at the Shaftesbury. This illustrates the very dashing entrance of Bertie Barnes* (STANLEY LUPINO). *Being required to masquerade as a butler and being further enjoined to "come in uniform"—he does so!*

As the seven pearls, arriving in France on the youthful neck of Catharine of Medici, when she meets her boy bridegroom, son of Francis I., are bequeathed, stolen, sold and finally tracked down in modern times, the intricate web of the plot widens out to enmesh a host of historical figures, from Henry VIII. and his contemporaries, to Napoleon III. and the widowed Eugénie. A gigantic jig-saw puzzle, most dexterously pieced together and everywhere illuminated by the author's imagination and swift sidelights on history, the drama is necessarily episodic, but, thanks to its trilingual presentation, lucid in its statements and clearly defined as to its peregrinations. M. Guitry, the actor, heads an international and distinguished company that includes the charming Jacqueline Delubac, Cécile Sorel, Lyn Harding, Percy Marmont, and many other well-known French, English and Italian players. All of them bring to life the several characters allotted to them with complete veracity.

This illustration from "Crazy Days" depicts the shadowing of Maud Summers (GLORIA DAY), *tap-dancer from the U.S.A.*

War to the death between two rival newspapers, the one nobly determined to keep its columns clean of scandal, the other bought up by a crooked financier whose henchmen nose out scandals or create them to order, provides the basis of the new Paramount picture, "EXCLUSIVE," at the Plaza. The struggle is accentuated by the daughter of a reporter on the "reform" paper whose City editor loves her and has mortgaged his salary in order to provide her with a college education. In an effort to pay off the debt and to prove herself a smart business woman, she joins the staff of the "yellow" paper. Thus a domestic rift balances the newspaper battle, which develops along melodramatic lines to culminate in the attempted lynching of the rogue editor by indignant citizens *en masse*, a scene of hectic pursuit amongst the printing machines that ought to be very exciting. It struck me as being faintly comic, especially when the crook gets all mixed-up in his own freshly printed news-sheets. The better part of this gangster-*cum*-newspaper drama, which frequently bursts into emotional and sensational flames, lies in its comedy aspects. They give Charlie Ruggles an opportunity to draw a delightful portrait of the heroine's father, a kindly little man who grows argumentative in his cups, and deserves a better fate than to be riddled with gunmen's bullets after rescuing his repentant daughter. Fred MacMurray plays the honest City editor on a forthright "he-man" note, and Frances Farmer brings to the part of the ambitious girl-reporter a hard, cool air of efficiency that is immensely helpful in masking the improbabilities of her actions.

Bertie Barnes (STANLEY LUPINO), *having come in the wrong uniform, is sent back discouraged and requested to attend in striped trousers. He does so.*

It is frequently the lot of engaging youngsters in fiction to encounter aged relatives, preferably peppery grandpapas, who are finally coaxed into extreme affection by the artless wiles of a child. Little Lord Fauntleroy came from America to his ancestral home in England to placate a ducal autocrat. Wee Willie Winkie, following in his footsteps, went all the way to India's North-West Frontier and did even better, by taming a military martinet and a fierce Pathan chief. So one war, at least, has been averted by peaceful intervention. Rudyard Kipling's famous story "WEE WILLIE WINKIE" (Gaumont, Haymarket), adapted to suit the personality of Shirley Temple, is a handsomely staged picture, with a veneer of Victorian sentiment and plenty of action in a fort held by a Highland regiment under the command of the small heroine's grandfather, a stern old disciplinarian from the portrait-gallery of C. Aubrey Smith, an expert judge of such characters. The fort is raided after the capture of Khoda Khan, a personable Pathan, as presented by Cesar Romero, and a punitive expedition is forestalled by Shirley's diplomatic visit to the rebel fastnesses. Between these alarums and excursions there is plenty of fun for "Winkie," who, aided and abetted by Victor McLaglen, a husky Sergeant, enlists as a private, joins company drills, fosters her mother's romance and might, indeed, be a bit of a nuisance in real life. Shirley Temple, in kilt and tunic, reveals a growing restraint added to her juvenile charms.

Another illustration of the shadowing of Maud Summers (GLORIA DAY).

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xx.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AS "WEE WILLIE WINKIE," THE GOOD SOLDIER.

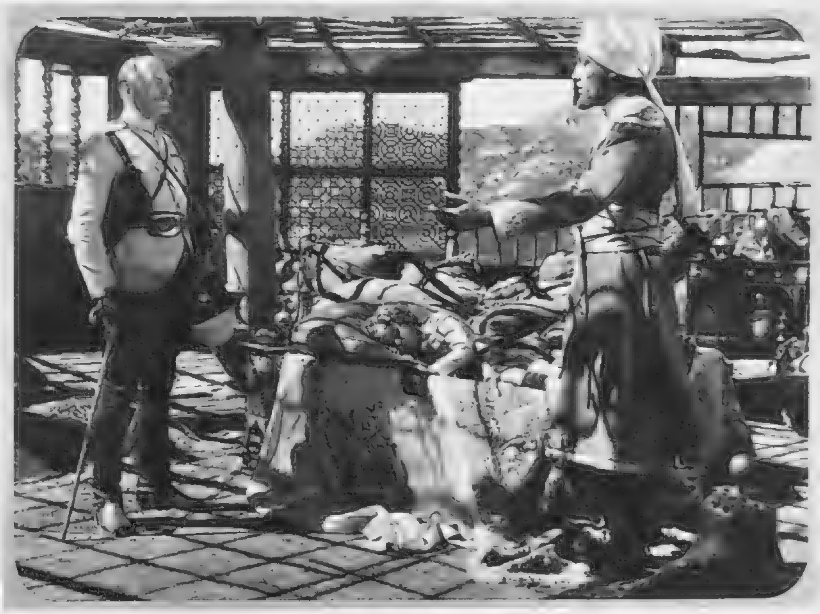
"WEE WILLIE WINKIE," *the new Twentieth Century-Fox film at the Gaumont-British, is based on Rudyard Kipling's story and introduces* SHIRLEY TEMPLE *in a military setting. She is with Sergeant MacDuff* (VICTOR McLAGLEN), *who undertakes to "turn her into a soldier."*

Sergeant MacDuff (VICTOR McLAGLEN) *and the little soldier-girl, Wee Willie Winkie* (SHIRLEY TEMPLE), *wearing the kilt and carrying her rifle.*

Laughter in the orderly room! The stern Colonel Williams (C. AUBREY SMITH) *and Sergeant MacDuff in fits of laughter at Wee Willie Winkie's sallies in her efforts to win a reprieve for her pet dog.*

Wee Willie Winkie and her mother, the widowed Joyce Williams (JUNE LANG), *in a charming mother-and-daughter sequence.*

Wee Willie Winkie returns the lost amulet to its owner, the Khoda Khan (CESAR ROMERO).



Colonel Williams and Khoda Khan meet and conclude a treaty over the sleeping form of Wee Willie Winkie.

JOHN EVERARD

TIMES change, and timepieces change with them, for to-day a watch is an important part of a woman's jewellery, and she wants it to be both beautiful and distinctive.

EIGHT different watches are shown on this page. The first, on the right, is a square, fancy pocket watch in chromium, ornamented with deeply-cut rays, the works being visible at the back. The second is set in a gold and stainless steel signet ring. The third is a combined lipstick-holder and watch in gold, black, and green enamel. The fourth, a gold faceted ball set between crystal rings.

THE fifth watch, worn by the girl in the photograph, is gold, and is held in two curved arms. The sixth is a platine wrist-watch with numerals indicated by calibre-cut sapphires. The seventh is in stainless steel, with the face set at an angle of 45 deg. While the eighth is a clip-on watch in stainless steel and wood. They come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

EVERY woman has her own idea of sheer luxury. To some it means magnificent jewels, blazing and flashing, and sufficient money to have them re-set whenever a new idea seizes her fancy. To some, lavish furs, dark and soft and alluring. To others, lordly cars, sleek and infinitely superior. Or yet again, clothes, and the delicious peace that one can find in any modern beauty salon. But to the woman who has all these things, just as much as to the woman who does not hope for them, perfume is something apart, something that is so essentially part of her personality that she can never be without it.

Close your eyes and think of any charming woman, and one of your most vivid recollections will be of the scent she uses. True, you will not remember exactly what it was, but, just as the thought of a flower is inseparable from the memory of its fragrance, so will it have remained in your mind. The choosing of a perfume is an art. In Paris it is almost a religion. A Frenchwoman is as fastidious about the appropriateness of her perfume as she is about the perfection of her *maquillage*.

MONSIEUR LUCIEN LELONG, the world-famous creator of clothes, insists that perfume, though unseen, is a most important accessory of dress, since its effect—so subtle and evasive—can enhance or defeat a lovely ensemble. He also feels very strongly that no woman should go on using only one scent for a long, long time—partly because everybody grows so used to it that it gradually becomes unnoticeable, and partly because different clothes and different occasions demand varying qualities that cannot be combined in any one perfume.

It is not surprising that a man who knows so much about women and about their clothes is overwhelmingly successful in the creation of perfumes. Monsieur Lelong's "N" is so gracious and lovely that its popularity is unassailable. You can use it by day or in the evening, and it will never fail to lift your spirits, no matter how tired you may be.

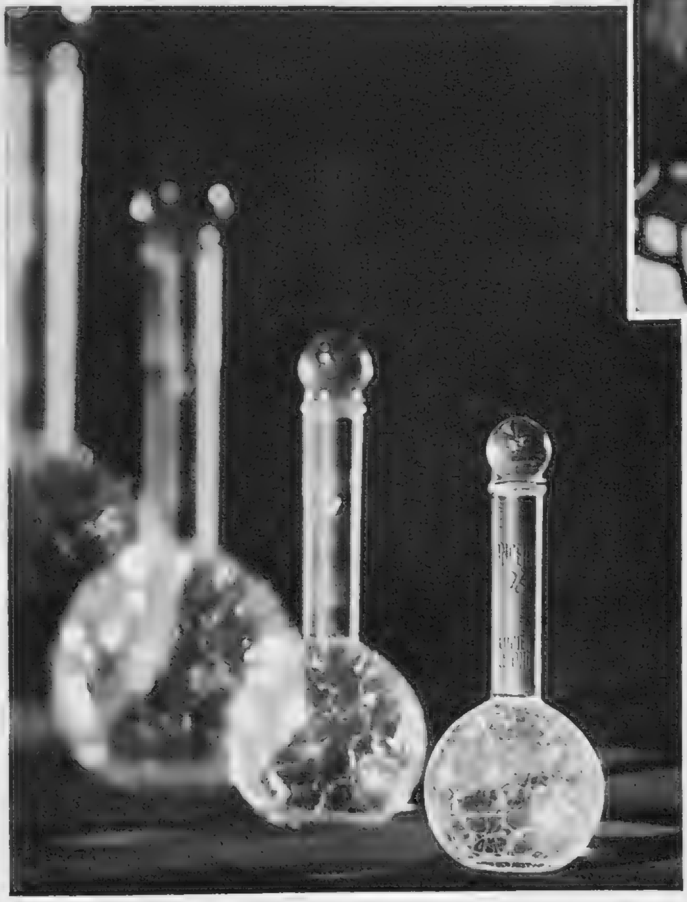
"Indiscret," which we have photographed for you, is as sophisticated and exciting as it looks in its exquisitely moulded bottle, so like the draperies of our newest dresses. It is perfect for parties and for formal occasions, and it was planned specially for this year of grand entertainments.

One of his newest and nicest ideas is "Concentré 96," for it is light but lasting, and it can be used more freely than the heavier essences, since the price is less for the same amount. You can see from the photograph that the container is attractive enough to add to the charm of any dressing-room.

Lastly, the woman who likes to carry perfume with her so that she may enjoy it during the day, and she who objects to buying any considerable quantity of a scent that she has not used before, will be delighted with the new Flacon de Sac, which costs only 5s., and is so trim that it fits snugly into a flat handbag, yet so firm that it will stand erect on the dressing-table. Nor is there any possibility of its leaking, for the large ball screw-stopper prevents that, though it is easy to open. You can get it in seven of the favourite Lelong perfumes, including "Indiscret," "N," and "Gardenia," at most exclusive stores, chemists, and hairdressers.

IF you want to make the most of any perfume, use it imaginatively rather than extravagantly. Spray the hangers of your dresses and fold little pads of cotton-wool amongst your lingerie. Apply it to your skin rather than to your frocks, spraying it behind your ears and on your hair, very lightly touching your wrists, so that, instead of any suggestion of heaviness, only the faintest scent is released with every movement.

JOHN EVERARD



AN ornament for your boudoir, an inspiration when you are tired, a lasting delight, these two perfumes, created by Monsieur Lucien Lelong, combine a subtle sophistication with a pervasive charm.

On the left is "Concentré 96," ideal for the woman who dislikes extravagance but loves to use perfume lavishly.

And above is "Indiscret," which is as exciting as its name. The hand of the dress-designer can be discerned in the bottle, for it is as intensely individual as the clothes that Monsieur Lelong creates for famous women all over the world.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT THE NEW WINTER COLOURS?

THEY are lovely, of course, and everybody is wearing them, these glorious wine tones and warm spice browns, these violet-blues and rich coppery shades. But they do need perfectly harmonised make-up.

It is no good seeking refuge in the fact that black is tremendously popular, because it is black that always has somewhere about it a splash of vivid colour. And anyhow, though you may have a wider choice of rouges when you wear all-black, nothing more urgently demands sheer perfection of *maquillage*.

JOHN EVERARD

Make-up must be perfect to live up to so lovely a hat.

Look at the girl in our photograph, wearing one of the loveliest hats of the season. The jutting brim is of black felt and the crown of velvet, its clarity of line accenting the repose of her face and the flawless smoothness of her skin. She found the hat at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W., and she solves all her make-up problems in the Tourneur Salon there.

If you want to be quite certain of being a success in your new winter clothes, go in to the Tourneur Salon and let them give you a make-up free of charge to harmonise with whatever colour you are wearing. They have rouges and lipsticks in wonderful red and wine tones to go with the new dress colours. They have coppery lipsticks, vital and alive, to go with warm spice browns. With soft greens they match up either deep red or coppery lipsticks, depending on the exact timbre of the green. While with black, with violet-blue, and with neutral tones they suggest that both lipstick and rouge should provide a vivid accent.

Strange though it may seem, women can now wear any colour they like. Carefully blended powders that harmonise perfectly with the pigmentation of the skin can either lighten or deepen the general tone effect, and on this smooth foundation the make-up expert, working with eye-shadow, rouge, lipstick and mascara, can create a picture of colour that enchants, and of a naturalness that is amazing.

Complete naturalness of effect can never be achieved through the haphazard selection of cosmetics. Powder is all-important, for unless that is of exactly the same tone as the skin it strikes immediately a note of artificiality. It must be blended individually, especially for women whose hair has turned grey, and it is here that the Tourneur experts are brilliantly successful.

SOUTH AFRICA

FEW countries so perfectly blend the luxury of modern civilisation with primitive customs.

The visitor to South Africa can experience all the glamour of a "mysterious hinterland" made famous by eminent authors and poets: of travelling through the "hidden lands" discovered, within living memory, by celebrated explorers, and observing at first hand the spectacle of modes and customs almost as old as the Continent itself.

For those who seek rest and recuperation there are many delightful resorts, and, for the business man, there is the fascination of "sizing-up" the possibilities of markets that even to-day are almost untouched.

To all her guests South Africa offers more than eight hours of sunshine each day all the year round.

Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

Above: A Scene in the Kruger National Park.

Below: The Greatest River Wonder, The Victoria Falls, Southern Rhodesia.

A TRUNK AND HORRORS— IN "THE LAST STRAW."

"THE LAST STRAW," *the latest thriller at the Comedy, is a piece which allows the audience to sup full on horrors, and the brilliant acting makes the experience as alarming as possible. This is the finale, when Sonia* (LUCIE MANNHEIM) *discovers that Dick Seele* (ANDRE MORELL) *has not been murdered by Wolfe* (MARIUS GORING).

Sonia (LUCIE MANNHEIM) *and John Duveen* (TOM GILL) *discover the awful contents of the trunk—the body of Dick.*

Sonia (LUCIE MANNHEIM), *determined to save Wolfe* (MARIUS GORING) *from suicide. She knows that he has not killed Dick.*

Left: Wolfe (MARIUS GORING) *drinks deep and reveals his fears and his mania to Sonia* (LUCIE MANNHEIM).

Fashionable Finance
For those who are seeking an investment in beauty it appears that "Bear Brand" are the most attractive feature of the Stocking Exchange. These gilt edged securities are obtainable from 3/11 to 6/11 at par, and have long been producing excellent dividends of service.
Bear Brand
CREPE LUXURY STOCKINGS
3/11 · 4/11 5/11 · 6/11

HOW TO DO "ROUGH STUFF" FOR THE FILMS.

On this page we give two most alarming-looking "rough-stuff" pictures! Let us hasten to assure our readers that neither CAROLE LOMBARD *nor director* WILLIAM A. WELLMAN *was hurt, in spite of this kicking and punching! The photographs were taken at a rehearsal of the "fight" scene in the David O. Selznick Technicolor picture* "NOTHING SACRED," *in which Carole Lombard and Fredric March have a "set-to." In the upper photograph William A. Wellman is showing how Miss Lombard has to be kicked; and in the lower one Miss Lombard is getting her punch right for Fredric March!*

This is the Gin

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon since 1769.

The Gin that has medicinal properties

If you value your health—insist on

Gordon's

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.,
GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON *The largest gin distillers in the world*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

CELIA GRANT was the daughter of parents as uncongenial to her as they were to each other. Her mother was a scold and a bully, a uniformly disagreeable woman; her father, henpecked and constitutionally apologetic, solaced himself with drink but failed to make their joint home-life happier. The parents had too little expectation of happiness to try and make a bid for it by separating; but Celia, still scarcely on the threshold of woman's estate, did not so readily acquiesce in a joyless future. Greatly to her surprise, she obtained a job as typist in Angier's Press, a large and flourishing concern. Her salary of thirty-five shillings a week was presently raised to two pounds. The door to

The marriage of MISS JOYCE GARDNER, *the woman professional billiards champion—a title which she has held six times in all—to* MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, *of Cricklewood, took place at the St. Marylebone (London) Parish Church.*

freedom at last seemed open. Victoria House, in Wembley Park, a block of diminutive flats, offered

a personal and private life for every wage-earning woman of taste in London. "It may interest you to know [she was told] that we have quite a colony of school-teachers, a lady-supervisor at the Post Office, a juvenile Employment Officer, an assistant-director at the B.B.C., and two retired lady missionaries. . . ."

Celia had already engaged her flat before she broke the news to her parents. A wise precaution, for they took it so badly that she felt excused from further dealings with them. Only once during the story does she darken their doors again.

An Emotional Education. From the point of view of plot, "Celia Employed" is a commonplace, even a banal story, with a strong wish-fulfilment motive. It is true that Celia does not immediately fall in love with her boss, Bertrand Angier. Her emotional education follows an unusual course: in her case, physical preceded romantic love. Rather cold-bloodedly taking her innocence and inexperience to a sympathetic woman-doctor, she returned from the consultation ready and anxious for adventure. Colin Dowd supplied it, and in spite of Victoria House and its spoil-sport regulations, she became his mistress. The affair came to an ignominious end. Hard pressed for money, Celia tried once too often to borrow from Colin; he not only refused the loan, he explained his reasons: he was keeping another woman. They quarrelled, and Celia went through a bad time, besieged by creditors and obliged to endure the indignity of a bailiff in the flat. In vain she searched London for a more remunerative job. Then she told Angier she was tired of life; he kissed her; and her existence entered a new phase. As

FRED ASTAIRE, *"the man with the dancing feet," and his wife, formerly Mrs. Phyllis Livingstone Potter, are here seen on one of Fred's "days off" from work at the studios, taking it easy watching lawn tennis at Hollywood.*

Mr. Angier's trusted private secretary, she was safe from all dangers except one.

Celia is a likeable girl in the modern style, good-natured, sympathetic, plucky (Cortes was her hero, and she regarded the world as her Mexico); honest, if rather too scientific in her attitude towards love; and she was deservedly popular among the handful of minor characters, male and female, whose portraits Mr. Matthews touches in with a dexterous hand. Her musings are amusing; her determination to improve her mind and develop the possibilities of her character, admirable if a little inhuman. Her changing circumstances are well described, with a nice eye to general and particular effect. But for me, at any rate, she never quite comes alive; nor does her true love, Angier. In spite of its realism, the story somehow lacks reality. One feels that Mr. Matthews, aware that less intelligent novelists have mishandled his theme, has nevertheless failed to find a satisfying alternative treatment. Is Celia to be the lucky typist who married the boss, or is she not? Mr. Matthews will not commit himself and keeps us (and perhaps himself) wondering till the last page.

MME. ADOLPHE MENJOU *(formerly Miss Verre Teasdale) and her film-star husband have adopted a sixteen-months-old baby boy whom they have had in their home since he was a month old. The baby was officially adopted by the Menjous at the Hall of Justice in Los Angeles, Cal., with great secrecy, in order to avoid any danger of kidnapping. Little* PETER ADOLPHE MENJOU *was rushed out of the Hall of Justice with his head in a bandanna after the signing of the adoption papers.*

"The Festival." This is a small volume of essays. There are eight in all, and a few of them—"House-Hunting," "The Last of Miss Vellum," and "The Modish Reviewer"—are episodic and personal enough to be called short stories. And very good short stories they are; for each is a summary and a criticism of a life—or a way of life. Miss Clore, Miss Vellum, and Burke, the satiated and well-nigh desperate literary critic, typify three forms of failure and defeat—that is to say, losing one's mind, losing one's money, and losing one's interest in life: but they are also three unforgettable human beings, each snapped in his or her most characteristic attitude. "Do not imagine because you have once been amiable that you are so still, is a good maxim to remember when one is getting on." Thus reflects Miss Vellum as, in straitened circumstances, she vacates the home of her ancestors to make way for the Scrappitts and their social theories, both so unsuited to country life. Miss Clore, reclining amid her lumber and looking out on the garden she has allowed to go to rack and ruin, confides to her interlocutor the insuperable obstacles to her cherished holiday at Weston-super-Mare—

[Continued on page xii.

Haig in every Home

Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"THEY knew by what the doctors said that he couldn't live for more than a day or two. There was no hope. And he held a large packet of the shares."

The Broker could see that he had stirred his hearers into listening. To make his recital more impressive, he paused for encouragement.

Nobody spoke.

The Broker had to continue on his own initiative.

"The shares were standing at a price that offered scope for a fall. So what happened, do you suppose?"

Silence reigned.

"They knew that some of the shares would probably have to be sold to raise money for death duties, so they——"

"Offered the shares in the market," guessed The Jobber.

"By which means," The Broker went on, "the price was forced down, as was intended. The chap died, as expected, and Death Duties were paid on the lowered price which was brought about by selling in advance of the holder's decease. And, as I told you, there was a hefty packet of the shares."

He told them the number.

The Jobber whistled. "Rather slim, don't you think? Can't say that sort of thing appeals to my own sense of the appropriate."

"You say it really happened?" The City Editor challenged. "It did? Well, I'm inclined to agree with our friend here. The market in the shares must have been highly sensitive, I should think."

"It was, of course, and, moreover, there were a lot of shares available for sale."

"One lives and learns," The Engineer commented. "But strange things seem to happen in these strange times."

"That's true enough. And I'll tell you a funny thing."

"They usually start in the Stock Exchange," said The Jobber. "Shall we stop you if we've heard it?"

"Can if you like. The funny thing is that nearly all our dividends are good, quite a lot of them being higher than before. And yet our capital shrinks. Dividends more: capital less. How's that?"

"Not out," returned The City Editor smartly. "Not out of the boundaries of experience," he had to elaborate. "Good trade makes for good dividends; bad politics, for falls in prices. There you have it in a nutshell."

"Seems anomalous," The Engineer carried on. "Not that it matters much to me so long as I'm in no immediate want of cash."

"It's more satisfactory to see the prices of your stocks going up. We've agreed that, on more than one occasion. And a man likes to feel he can sell at a profit if he wants to get rid of anything he has bought himself."

"Do you ever overhaul your investments?" enquired The Merchant.

"I am ashamed to say I don't," replied The Broker. "It's the sort of thing that everyone should make as regular a practice as getting a hair-cut. I'm constantly telling my clients so, but——"

"'You should do as I tell you, and not as I do,'" quoth The Jobber, who had been a choir-boy in his younger days. "I look through my list occasionally, but it's very humiliating to my self-respect."

"Why?"

"Such a lot of muck cluttering up such a little good stuff."

"Turn out the muck, then."

"I would if it weren't for the chance that even the worst egg may hatch a hopeful chicken."

"My sound things are too good, and my rubbish is too low, to sell," The Broker declared. "I do know that much about my stocks, anyway."

"But you agree that it pays to go through your securities from time to time, and to exchange stagnant stuff for something else with better prospects? Surely it is no more than sensible to do that."

"It pays your broker, of course. And the Inland Revenue, too, because of the stamp-duty on the transfers. Probably it is a good thing to do periodically, like the aforesaid perm. for your hair."

"If I allowed my hair to copy Nebuchadnezzar's, I should never see *The Sketch*," The Jobber admitted. "Yes: I know it's selfish. I really am going to turn over a new leaf and send a copy abroad every week. I know a chap in Kenya who loves the advertisements."

"What does he think of the British companies out there?"

"He is a bit cautious of expressing any definite opinion. I dare say he's right. It's jolly hard to form a useful view about anything anywhere, as things are at present."

"Mawchi Mines must be making fabulous profits with wolfram at its present price."

"We know, but you can't say how long the price will last. When it comes down, where are you?"

"Oh, just here, or hereabouts," The Jobber answered. "Not far off, I expect. I can't see myself retiring for another thirty or forty years, unless things buck up. You remember Edward Fenner, Brokie?"

"Yes; died last month, I see. Wasn't he the father of Henley, so to speak?"

"That's right. He was one of the Stock Exchange giants in the rowing world of seventy years ago. Died in his ninety-ninth year, and on one of his last visits to the House, he said he had come to apologise."

"What for?"

"For having lived so long. He was a dear old boy. There are plenty of younger people who might more justly apologise for the length of their lives."

"Don't get personal, please I know that this is my birthday . . . Oh, thank you, thank you."

They nearly overwhelmed him with their incredulous congratulations.

"I hope the cake will be large enough to hold all the candles," said The Merchant.

"I bet there will be too many for you to blow them all out in one, like the children do," The Engineer laughed. "What shall we give him for a birthday present?" he asked the others.

"Good advice," replied The Broker. "He won't take it, but that's no reason why we shouldn't offer it to him. Mine's Marks and Spencer, and Boots. Boots for the long shot."

"Don't make it too long," said The Jobber. He feelingly rubbed one part likely to be affected, and——

"Sons of Gwalia Gold Mines, and Marlu from me," The Engineer gave him. "It's a far cry from West Africa to West Australia, but you will be spreading your risks."

The City Editor preferred something safer. "Preference shares from me," said he. "Lever Sevens; Imperial Chemical Sevens, and Harrods Seven-and-a-half per cents. Can't go wrong with any of those."

"No scope for capital increase, is there?"

"Not a lot, certainly. But I was thinking of safety rather than a rise. Next, please."

"I'm going to offer him a very mixed bag," said The Merchant. "International Tea——"

"Haven't they had a big fall?"

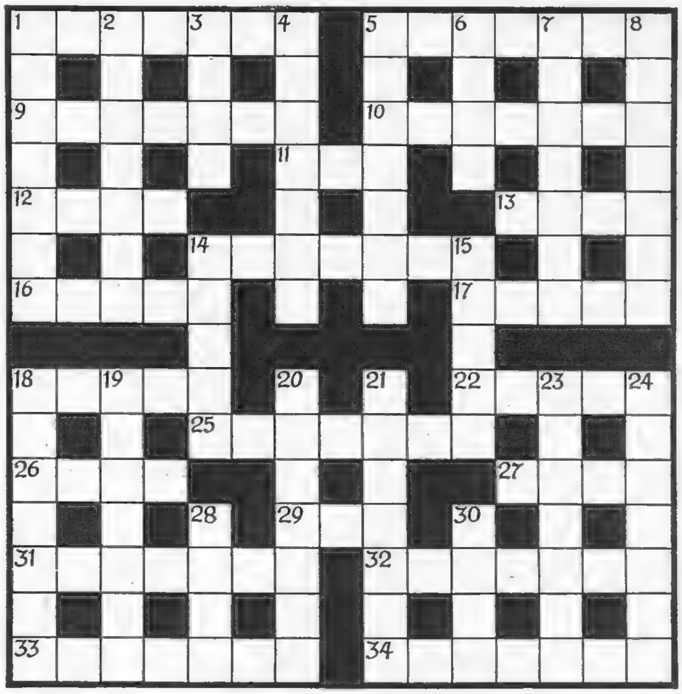
"So big that I think it's overdone. British Aluminium——"

"There's the new issue, you know."

"It has dragged down the price unduly, and there's room for recovery. Next, Champion Reef and Nundydroog, the Indian mines. For the high dividends they pay on their shares."

[Continued on page xvi.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Dutch prefix to embankment for a great artist (7).
5. Have these bars a harsh, jarring sound? (7).
9. Answer to the question: "Shall we have some salad?" (7).
10. No, not cat-fish! (hyphen; 3 and 4).
11. Shows you the way about (3).
12. Measure of a bad tooth? (4).
13. In this way two roughs are separated (4).
14. Shuts up apparently alternately (7).
16. One of Nature's weapons (5).
17. Wine (5).
18. Employment for a conductor on strike? (5).
22. What you are with the No. 33 Across leaning over you (5).
25. What encores make them do (7).
26. The meeting of both often puzzles a poor fellow (4).
27. Correction of correction (4).
29. Just a spot, thanks! (3).
31. Petrol will help you to get to this place—and remove it? (7).
32. Unlawful (7).
33. He's bound to stop sometimes (7).
34. Book of safety? (7).

DOWN.

1. It is brave to find a nail sticking up in a cask (7).
2. Not far-fetched, though its end is in Russia (7).
3. My word, it isn't (4).
4. A lonely man poetically before a tiny one (7).
5. Leave before game in Hants (7).
6. Oh, dear, a girl has lost a foot! (4).
7. Where I and the engineer disembark (7).
8. A word with interior significance (7).
14. Part of a recent word (5).
15. Reams altered (and badly blotted, apparently) (5).
18. Lubricated like lightning (7).
19. Your breath is as often as not (7).
20. Departed clique makes a determined effort (two words; 4 and 3).
21. A lowly one is not necessarily on the Underground (7).
23. Almost anything and may be in print (7).
24. Smashed tea-sets (7).
28. The against prefix (4).
30. Best of a collection (4).

I.7.

amateur theatricals
and
you
are
the
very amateur announcer . .

have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
will give you
that
much needed
feeling
of
self-confidence . . .

so essential
to
really
animated announcements
and
truly
witty witticisms ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE biggest Motor Show in the world is now in full swing in the magnificent new Earl's Court exhibition premises. Ladies' Day, which marked the opening, by the Lord Mayor of London, last Thursday, was much appreciated, and what used to be a mainly masculine and very "tradey" party became a great social occasion. The Motor Show goes on until Saturday of this week, the admission charges being 2s. 6d., except up to 5 p.m. on Thursday, when an admission charge of 5s. is made.

A new LANCHESTER "ROADRIDER DE LUXE" *has just been introduced. This improves "roadriding" as much as the Lanchester "Roadrider" introduced last year improved motoring. It has a considerably better appearance and a performance which attains a new standard of luxury motoring at the price of £365.*

It should be appreciated that the Motor Show, unlike many held abroad, is confined to private cars and does not include motor-cycles or commercial vehicles. There is, however, a fascinating motor-boat section and no less interesting stands devoted to caravans and trailers. All told, there are 529 exhibitors, the total value of the exhibits being placed at over half a million pounds. A particular attraction has been provided in the form of Sir Malcolm Campbell's speed-boat *Bluebird*, which captured the world's speed record on Lake Maggiore this year. This is being prominently displayed near the coachwork section.

Amongst the last-minute innovations at Earl's Court may be mentioned a 17-h.p. Railton saloon. This is a smaller edition of the famous "Straight Eight" Railton that has achieved such an enviable reputation for its brilliant acceleration and high performance. The 17-h.p. model is a six-cylinder, with a capacity of 2723 c.c., and it is claimed that the engine develops 76 b.h.p. at 3800 r.p.m. Very fine English coachwork is fitted, the trimming being in best quality leather and the woodwork of the highest quality and finish. A conventional springing system, with long half-elliptics, is improved by the addition of large-capacity, direct-acting shock-absorbers, which give the maximum amount of steadiness at high speeds and when cornering. Radius arms relieve the front springs of all braking stresses and the steering is very light and accurate, making this new Railton a very nice car to drive. In saloon form it sells at £399, a smart drophead coupé being listed at £458. The price of the long-wheelbase "Stratton" saloon is £798, while the short chassis model, with a "Sandown" standard saloon body, sells at £498.

When the Riley programme for 1938 was announced it was generally assumed that the famous "Nine" would be seen no more. An "eve-of-Show" surprise was sprung by the Riley Company by announcing that the "Nine" would be continued in the form of the "Victor" saloon, although, if desired, the 1½-litre engine with dual overdrive transmission could be obtained. When the 9-h.p. engine is fitted, the Riley Preselecta-gear, a Wilson-type epicyclic gear-box with automatic clutch, is standardised. Despite the general tendency towards higher prices, the Riley "Victor" saloon sells at £299. This is a typical Riley in appearance and finish, and there is ample luggage accommodation.

Recently-introduced anti-dazzle regulations make the exhibits of Joseph Lucas, Ltd., the great accessory manufacturers, of more than usual interest. The well-known "dip-and-switch" and dipping reflector system, as well as the flat-topped-beam fog-lamps which also fully comply with the new regulations, are easily adaptable to any car. The latter lamps have split reflectors and shielded bulbs, which throw a low, flat-topped beam which cannot dazzle other road-users. The latest lamp of this sort is the F.T.57, which is made on the same principle as the famous Lucas F.T.37, but is shallower from back to front, thus saving space. Pleasanter warning signals are also produced by the Lucas concern, the most popular being the twin Mellowtone horn, which gives a rich, trumpet-like sound, loud for the country and soft for town work.

The latest Lucas development is called the "Post-horn," which is intended for fixing under the bonnet. The latest screen-wipers fit under the bonnet, allowing a larger motor to be used and ensuring its silence. These wipers have separate controls, so that one or both blades can be used as required. Traffic-indicators with self-cancelling switches, improved batteries, and a new automatic voltage-control are amongst interesting exhibits on the Lucas stand.

Marine engines are generally more expensive than the car type because of the robust construction necessary. The various Morris marine engines, however, represent extraordinarily good value. The famous "Vedette" Mark II. four-cylinder 6-12 h.p. is available both as a petrol and paraffin model. It has a large 12-volt dynamo with self-starter, and Lucas waterproof magneto. The direct drive model to run on petrol costs only £68 10s., forty-five shillings more being charged for the paraffin model. There is also the famous "Navigator" rated at 12-24 h.p., and this, in its least expensive form, sells at £94 10s., while the Morris six-cylinder "Commodore" Mark II. engine costs £136 10s. as a direct drive model, or £155 with reduction gear. £8 more is charged where the engine is arranged to run on paraffin.

The new VAUXHALL "TEN-FOUR" *is priced as low as £168. Like the other Vauxhalls, it changes "riding" into "gliding," and there is comfortable accommodation for four grown-ups and one child. Driven hard, this new Vauxhall does over 40 miles to the gallon, and is one of the world's most economical "Tens."*

The 25 h.p. Atalanta Saloon £625 ex Works

The New Balanced Drive

It arouses enthusiasm in everyone who tries one of the new Armstrong Siddeley cars. There is no noise or vibration; the car is so perfectly balanced. It glides forward on the pressure of the accelerator. Gear changing is effected without tremor. You can run to the maximum speed on any gear in silence, accelerating from walking pace without vibration. Throughout the full range of 14 h.p., 17 h.p. and 25 h.p. cars you have the same effortless control, the same perfect road manners.

STAND 101 EARLS COURT

You are invited to write for a free copy of this interesting booklet explaining the new Balanced Drive.
Please mention "The Sketch."

BALANCED DRIVE

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN MODERN TRAVEL

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY . Agents in all centres . LONDON: 10 OLD BOND ST., W.1

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THE season for those extremely pleasant and not terribly serious tournaments conducted by district golfing alliances in all parts of the country has now opened. These organisations provide the major part of the competitive golf programme for the next few months and afford a splendid opportunity for the expert to improve his game and the not-so-skilful to gain valuable experience by playing in foursome competitions with professionals. Some of the alliances hold occasional stroke or bogey competitions, in which the amateurs compete against professionals under handicap, but the underlying idea of alliance meetings—the friendly association of amateur and professional golfers in some form of foursome or four-ball play—is the most popular. The alliances are really professional golfers' organisations, and the amateur members are usually vice-presidents or patrons, who rarely have anything to do with the control of them. Alliance competitions afford one of the most pleasant methods imaginable of improving one's golf. Double-figure handicap golfers are in the majority at most of these meetings and enjoy the rare opportunity of being partnered by a professional, and contributing to his success—or failure. It may be a nerve-testing experience, but it is both pleasant and valuable and is to be commended to enthusiastic golfers. There is an added charm to autumn golf in such circumstances. It brings it home to players, who may have over-rated their ability to drive the ball out of sight and reach most greens with a drive and an iron, that golf is not quite so easy after all. At the same time, there is the comforting evidence that the first-class professional cannot drive to the 300-yards mark or make modern golf-courses look simple. With courses not always at their best and the weather frequently anything but ideal, these autumn competitions demand a great degree of skill from all classes of competitors.

MISS PAM BARTON, *making her first appearance in competitive golf since her recent indisposition, partnered* MR. FRANCIS FRANCIS *in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes. She is here seen after having discovered her ball in a somewhat unpromising-looking lie.*

Golf Rejuvenation.

Actually the next few months provide the best season of the year for seriously overhauling one's golf. If you can get into the habit of picking up the ball fairly cleanly from rather close lies, the game will appear very much more simple in a few months' time, when conditions are easier. The Oxford and Cambridge golf teams always devote the winter months to their serious training, and as a result have produced many splendid young players. The Varsities are already engaged in the weekly matches against club teams, and for sheer enthusiasm I know nothing to compare with that of the young men who take part in these matches. Frequently they leave Oxford or Cambridge at seven o'clock in the morning in order to get to the course on which a match is being played, travelling back again in the evening. But it is excellent training, which has resulted in many of these young players, such as Robert Sweeny, the present Amateur Champion, or past champions, including Sir Ernest Holderness, Roger Wethered, and Cyril Tolley, gaining national fame in the game. Two years ago two University students—John Langley and P. B. Lucas—were included in the British side which played for the Walker Cup against America in the United States, and though it is early yet to estimate the skill of the players at either Oxford or Cambridge, it is possible that some of these young men who take their winter golf seriously may be considered for next year's match.

MR. ROBERT SWEENY, *the amateur champion, was a notable competitor in the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon. He is seen on the left, with* DR. J. PARK *and* MISS C. M. PARK.

Next Year's Internationals.

It is early yet to talk about winter, but it is realised that the next few months may be very important to some of our leading amateurs. The Royal and Ancient Club recently decided to appoint a sub-committee to select and prepare players to represent this country in the Walker Cup match which will be played at St. Andrews next year. They have past form as a guide, but the committee entrusted with the difficult task may have to rely upon the few competitions which are decided before next spring to arrive at current form. However, the appreciation of the necessity of meeting modern requirements and taking the Walker Cup match really seriously, as St. Andrews has done on this occasion, is a matter of general satisfaction. It seems obvious that in the past there must have been some loopholes in the organisation of British teams which have been opposed to the United States. America holds the Ryder Cup for professionals, the Walker Cup for amateurs, and the Curtis Cup for ladies. The latter two trophies will be contested next year, and so far this country has won neither. Apparently we have the golfers in this country.

An Inter-Alliance Competition ?

Only three Americans, Bobby Jones, Jesse Sweetser, and W. Lawson Little, have won our Amateur Championship during the past thirty years; a visiting American has never won the ladies' title, and in spite of strong challenges from America the Open has been retained by this country for several years. Yet too frequently we fail in team contests. The Royal and Ancient Club may have found the solution to this problem, which apparently concerns adequate preparations for these important international events. We hold the advantage in this country in that in the greater part of the United States there is little or no golf between October and March except for those who can afford to travel a considerable distance. Here the winter presents admirable opportunities for serious golf training, and for that reason I anticipate a greater interest than ever in the alliance movement. It would be all to the good if there were more inter-alliance meetings. So far, the only contests between such organisations have consisted of spasmodic challenges, usually between professional members, although the Essex Union generally meets Belgium in an alliance challenge match during the season. An inter-alliance competition would, I believe, be favourably received if one of the golf club secretaries, who act as honorary secretary to an alliance, could organise it

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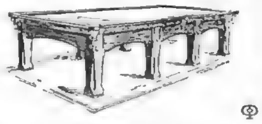

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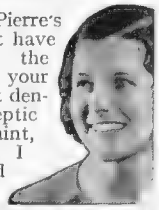

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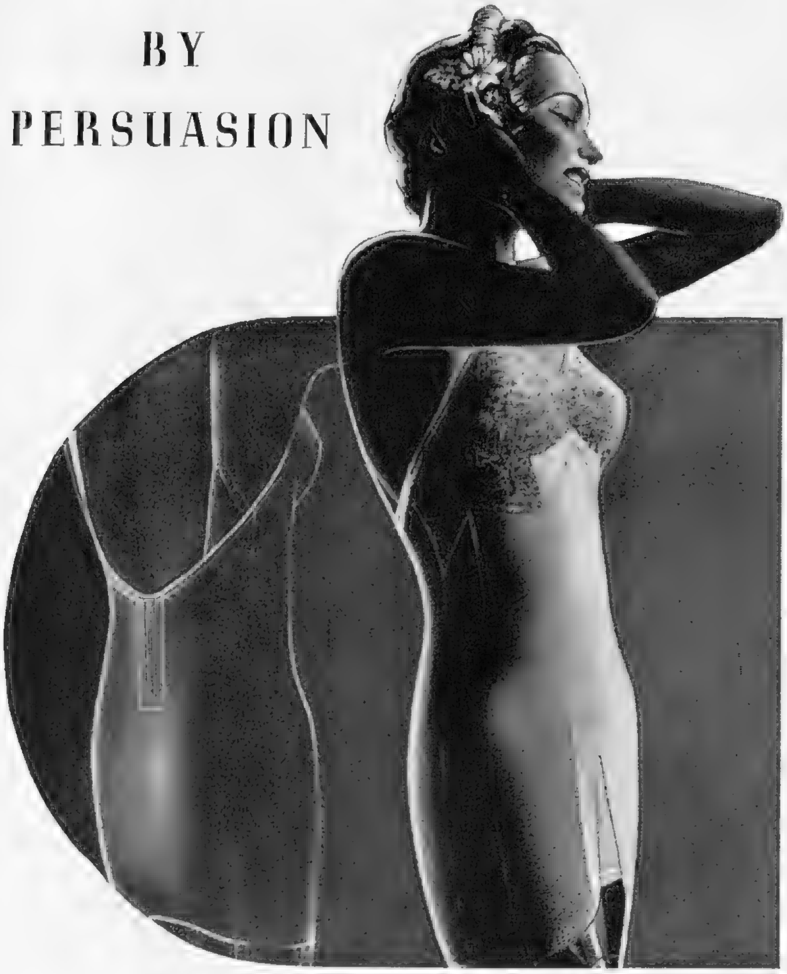

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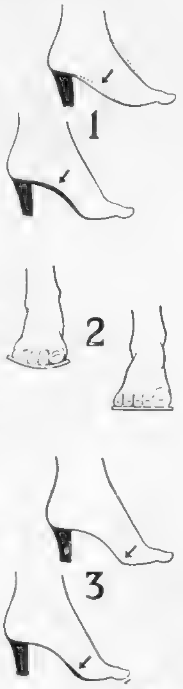

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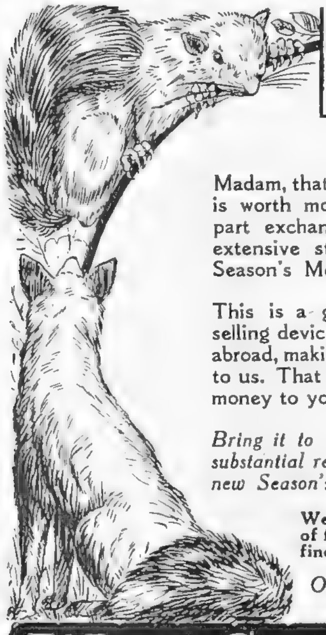

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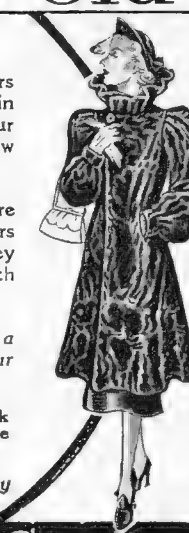

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This England . . .

Salisbury Plain, in the hollow, Longstock

WHEN we hear men that are wise in these matters speak of the rotation of crops, we may not know exactly what this is, but we realize that it is some kind of plan for keeping the land in good heart. (And with it goes another four-year cycle—crop, stock, manure, soil—that we, too, may be kept in good heart.) Slow, but no true maturity was ever attained without a "fullness of time." So when men, in the making of things, do borrow (as their fathers taught) some of nature's own unhurried ways, the outcome is an enrichment of us all. An everyday example ? . . the ancient craft of the brew-house and its mellow heir, your Worthington.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from page 146).

"The difficulty is, you see, that I have such very, very valuable things, I am afraid to leave them. And then the grounds. Who knows if the grounds will be taken care of?"

Miss Vellum's self-deprecating and (as I think) untrue reflection, Miss Clore's vainglorious and still more untrue observation, what insight they give into the characters of the women who originated them! As to Mrs. MacCarthy's little sketch of Burke, the harassed reviewer who, tired of books and parties, seeks refuge from both in the bosom of the Church, I hardly like to comment on it. But I dare say some readers will find it as convincing as the other two.

Persons and Things. In the remaining pieces Mrs. MacCarthy divides her interest more evenly between "persons" and "things." "The Festival" begins with some historical notes on Christmas—

it was denounced as a heathen practice to eat a mince-pie in 1644, and December 25th was ordered to be observed as a market day—

and ends with a gay little picture of Christmas as a Victorian family would have kept it. "The Pavilion at Brighton" again displays the unexpectedness and flexibility of the author's mind. From a glimpse of the pier, peopled by couples "whose recent influenza seems to be their bond as they snuff the air into their becolded nostrils," we pass into the Dome and invoke the shades of Regency society, "frivolous ghosts." Then, after a moment in the staider company of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who "detested vulgar competition with George's other favourites, and suffered and retired before them," we drive away, disgusted, with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, "whose fine ideals struck at the follies of this now faded pleasure dome." But Queen Victoria and her Consort had a great regard for art, when not expressed in terms of bulbous orientalism; and the next essay discusses their sketching activities, undertaken with much seriousness and watchfully superintended by Mr. Leitch and Sir E. Landseer.

"I am *very* conscientious in my work," said the Queen. "You will tell me what to do, Mr. Leitch, and I will do it."

Indeed, she seems to have exceeded his instructions, for she went and sat in "the middle of a country road with a great rough stone out of the river to put her paint-box on"; to the surprise of her teacher, who was "one of those who appear astonished at a royal person being able to do anything normal."

An Admirable Essayist. Royalty, but minor royalty this time, provide Mrs. MacCarthy with what is perhaps the *clou* of the book, the fragment of autobiography entitled "A German Court Before the War." Her sense of the absurd, tempering her very real appreciation of forms and ceremonies that were at once intimate and stately, provincial and splendid, enables her to make a wonderfully attractive picture of this miniature and secluded civilisation, so recent and yet so remote. Like everyone who values the graces and amenities of living, she is obliged to go for her examples to the past; she looks with misgiving, though not without hope, at the future when "Survival to you!" may be the regular greeting between friends. But the bent of her mind is not exclusively, or even mainly, nostalgic. It is an exceedingly alive and interested mind, a little inconsequent in its method, but remarkably accurate in its aim; and her style, simple, concrete, and idiomatic, is the perfect vehicle of her thought. Like all good essayists, she rejoices in oddity, but makes no fetish of it, and she neither exploits her feelings, which are quickly roused, nor represses them. There is not a boring or pretentious sentence in her book; but this, alas! is not the resounding recommendation it might be, for "The Festival" is all too short.

A foursome at North Berwick, with dogs: (l. to r.) MISS BEATRICE *and* MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR, *daughters of Lady Dorothy Charteris and the late Lord Edward Grosvenor; the* HON. PENELOPE MILLS, *daughter of Lord Hillingdon; and the* HON. ALEXANDER HOOD, *brother and heir of Lord Hood.*

"Let Your Mind Alone!" Much of the humour in "Let Your Mind Alone!" is at the expense of nerve-doctors and psychiatrists. Mr. James Thurber has read a good many of their books—"Streamline Your Mind," for instance, by Dr. James L. Mursell, and "Wake Up and Live!", by Mrs. Dorothea Brande—and he finds them full of absurdities. At the same time, all this digging about among complexes and phobias has a strong, one might almost say a morbid, fascination for him; he mocks, but it is not difficult to see that his (dare we say?) subconscious mind is not altogether at ease. We might hazard a guess that he is whistling to keep his own spirits up, as well as ours. With the result that his merry-making is occasionally a little half-hearted, and his criticisms, when worked out at length, captious and a trifle ponderous. Among Mrs. Brande's "twelve disciplines for mental health" occurs the following recommendation: "Plan to live two hours a day according to a rigid time-schedule." Mr. Thurber comments—

Well, I usually wake up at nine in the morning and lie there till eleven, if that would do. Of course, I could *plan* to do a lot of things over a period of two hours, but if I actually started out to accomplish them I would instantly begin to worry about whether I was going to come out on the dot in the end and I wouldn't do any of them right. It would be like waiting for the pistol-shot during the last quarter of a close football game. This rule seems to me simply to be devised to make men irritable and jumpy.

This retort is, I think, only mildly amusing, and the reason is that with one half of his mind Mr. Thurber takes his author's challenge seriously, and he is therefore handicapped when he tries to make fun of it with the other half. Indeed, a great deal of the book, funny as much of it undoubtedly is, hovers a little uneasily between jest and earnest; Mr. Thurber is constantly trapped into taking himself, and his Aunt Sallies, more seriously than he meant to. In "The Case Against Women" he writes—

I hate women because they have brought into the currency of our language such expressions as "all righty" and "yes indeedy," and hundreds of others. I hate women because they throw base-balls (or plates or vases) with the wrong foot advanced. I marvel that more of them have not broken their backs. I marvel that women, who co-ordinate so well in languorous motion, look uglier and sillier than a goose-stepper when they attempt any form of violent activity.

And so on. Mr. Thurber is half-laughing at himself, and yet there is also an animus behind his strictures: and the two moods injure each other. The illustrations, of course, are delightfully subtle and funny: I wish Mr. Thurber had devoted a whole section to them, as he did in "The Owl and the Attic."

"Blue Banderilla." Mr. Stuart Palmer gets his detective, Piper, into a nice quandary in a Mexican prison, and Miss Hildegarde Withers has to rescue him—an unflattering experience for the Inspector, but the best he deserves after his display of stupidity. Really, he plays Dr. Watson almost too thoroughly; denseness that was forgivable in a doctor is less so in a detective, whose work it is to unravel mysteries. But "Blue Banderilla" is an entertaining story; the method of the crime is original, which is saying much; and the motive is adequate, if one concedes that hatred could endure so long without something fresh to feed on.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Celia Employed. By Kenneth Matthews. (*Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.*)
The Festival. By Mary MacCarthy. (*Longmans; 3s. 6d.*)
Let Your Mind Alone. By James Thurber. (*Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.*)
Blue Banderilla. By Stuart Palmer. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

EGYPT

'Thank heaven we came'

'Look at that moonlight on the Pyramids'

'Egypt's more beautiful than anything we ever imagined. And the winter climate's so wonderful'

'I'm mad to see Luxor. And the Nile and the desert, too . . . By the way, I had a p.c. from Home this morning'

'Any news?'

'No . . . just that it was very cold and raining'

Special points of interest . . .

* You should see the Aswan Dam, one of the greatest feats of engineering in the world.

* Visit the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor; it will be an unforgettable experience.

* When you want exercise, remember there are golf courses in Cairo and Alexandria, and tennis is played everywhere. You can also ride or play polo.

* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

How to get to Egypt . . .

1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers to Port Said leave from several English ports. Fares to suit your purse.
2. BY AIR . . . From Croydon to Alexandria. 2 to 3 days.
3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. $4\frac{1}{2}$ days
4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istambul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. $7\frac{1}{2}$ days.

Full information from the Egypt Travel Bureau, 29 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or from travel agencies.

TRAVEL BY THE MISR AND KHEDIVIAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXI.

DOUBLE DUMMY PLAY.

THE following hand, which is taken from "Watson On the Play Of The Hand At Contract Bridge," incidentally about the best book on play I know, makes a good case in favour of studying the play of Double Dummy situations as accessory to the play of the cards in general—

B: Spades—A, 7, 5. Hearts—K, 6, 4. Clubs—A, Q, 4. Diamonds—8, 7, 4, 2.

Y: Spades—K, 6, 4, 2. Hearts—Kn, 9, 5. Clubs—10, 8, 6. Diamonds—9, 6, 5.

Z: Spades—3. Hearts—Q, 10, 8, 7, 3. Clubs—Kn, 9, 3, 2. Diamonds—Q, Kn, 10.

A: Spades—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8. Hearts—A, 2. Clubs—K, 7, 5. Diamonds—A, K, 3.

AB vulnerable. The bidding was—

A	Y	B	Z
1 Spade.	No bid.	2 No-trumps.	No bid.
4 No-trumps.	,,	5 Spades.	,,
6 Spades.	,,	No bid.	,,

Y led the nine of diamonds, which A won with the king, and led the queen of spades; Y played the two and A was happy when the finesse came off, for now the only trick (presumably) he need lose is in diamonds. However, when he led the knave of spades and Z discarded a heart, his prospects were not so bright, indeed, with the king of trumps still guarded in Y's hand, it looks impossible to fulfil the contract. Still, if the other cards fall nicely, so that he can reduce the position to a simple D. D. hand, the contract will be made; anyhow, there can be no harm in trying. (The author calls this elimination play and getting down to end-play. Well, that is just my point; if, you know anything about solving D. D. problems, you will see your way on many occasions to reduce the position to an end-play, and end-play is nothing more or less than a simple D. D. position.)

A at trick four switched to clubs, and took out three rounds; next he played three rounds of hearts, ruffing the third round in his own hand. Then he led the ace of diamonds.

The position now left is this—

B: Spades—A. Hearts—None. Clubs—None. Diamonds—8, 7.

Y: Spades—K, 6. Hearts—None. Clubs—None. Diamonds—6.

Z: Spades—None. Hearts—Q. Clubs—Kn. Diamonds—Q.

A: Spades—10, 9. Hearts—None. Clubs—None. Diamonds—3.

A led the three of diamonds, and then Z had to lead—something! Whether he leads his good heart or good club it makes no difference. A just ruffs, and if Y over-ruffs, B wins with the ace of trumps. If Y under-trumps, B discards the diamond, and makes the last trick with the ace of spades.

The hand shown here last week is nothing like so spectacular; the play is easy—it is obvious, but the obvious is not always seen at bridge, and the player of this hand was two down, losing four clubs and one diamond. Here are the four hands—

B: Spades—9, 8, 7. Hearts—K, Q, Kn, 2. Clubs—K, 10. Diamonds—Kn, 9, 6, 4.

Y: Spades—4. Hearts—10, 7, 6, 5, 4. Clubs—Kn, 3. Diamonds—Q, 10, 8, 5, 2.

Z: Spades—10, 6, 5. Hearts—9, 8, 3. Clubs—A, Q, 9, 8, 2. Diamonds—A, 3.

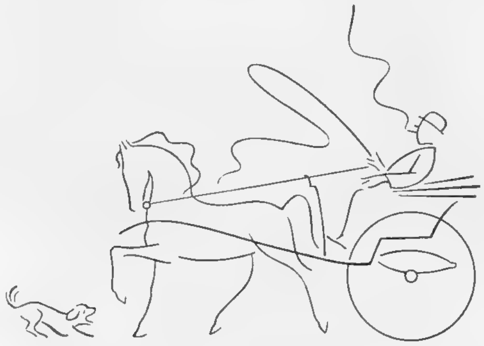
A: Spades—A, K, Q, Kn, 3, 2. Hearts—A. Clubs—7, 6, 5, 4. Diamonds—K, 7.

The contract was four spades. Y led the five of diamonds, Z took with the ace and returned the three. A won and led out two rounds of trumps. When Y failed, what should A do? Now, although Y and Z's hands were hidden, the position of the cards *that matter* was clear. Z has no more diamonds, but he has one more trump; A has nothing further to think about. He just leads his ace of hearts and then a *small* trump. Z is in, and can only make the ace of clubs. If he leads a heart, A discards three clubs; if he leads a club, B must get in with the king, and you will notice that it doesn't matter whether Y *or* Z holds that ace of clubs. Actually A took out Z's last trump, led the ace of hearts, and took a chance on the king of clubs with unhappy results.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCT. 13.

ACROSS.—1. Gone to the dogs. 10. Oratory. 11. Barrace. 12. Glee. 13. Poles. 14. Haha. 17. Assails. 18. Support. 19. Ducking. 22. Cantata. 24. Ebro. 25. Pawns. 26. Trim. 29. Diarist. 30. Asunder. 31. Game preserves.

DOWN.—2. Onagers. 3. Eros. 4. Onymous. 5. Hebrews. 6. Dart. 7. Guanaco. 8. Rough and ready. 9. Tenant farmers. 15. Digit. 16. Opine. 20. Curtana. 21. Grafter. 22. Canvass. 23. Abridge. 27. Kite. 28. Ruhr.



The extra cost is more than justified in added enjoyment

STATE EXPRESS 555

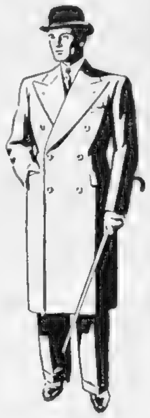
CIGARETTES

10 for 8d 20 for 1/4 25 for 1/8

TWO WAYS OF BUYING an OVERCOAT

There are two ways of meeting the blasts of winter with the best defence...

The first is to be fore-armed with a Bernard Weatherill made-to-measure overcoat, fashioned in materials unmatched for their comforting warmth, cut by master cutters and modelled by skilled hands to your own personality.



The other alternative, chiefly for men pressed for time, is to provide yourself with a Bernard Weatherill ready-to-wear overcoat, a great range of which are kept in stock and which, being cut and fashioned by our own craftsmen on the premises, concede no iota in quality of material, cut or craftsmanship...

and finally our prices prove that the cost of West End Tailored overcoats need not be exorbitant.

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For 1938 SS present an entirely new range of Jaguars comprising seven new bodies and three distinct chassis types—the 3½ Litre, the 2½ Litre and the 1½ Litre. The 3½ Litre, an entirely new model, is available with either a four door saloon or drop-head coupe body and is characterised by a performance of outstanding merit, which will completely eclipse all previous achievements. With a maximum speed of 95 m.p.h. the new 3½ Litre affords seating accommodation of the most luxurious order for five persons—the smoothness and silence of its travel being literally amazing. Widespread improvement in the 2½ Litre has resulted in an enhanced and even more refined performance, this model also providing spacious seating for five. The 1½ Litre is an entirely new model and is now powered by an overhead valve engine modelled closely on the highly successful 2½ Litre. As with all 1938 Jaguar chassis, a Saloon or Coupe body is available on the 1½ Litre—both affording the full five-seater accommodation which is a characteristic feature of the new range.

MODELS AND PRICES

1½ LITRE SALOON - -	£298
1½ LITRE DROP-HEAD COUPE - - - - -	£318
2½ LITRE SALOON - -	£395
2½ LITRE DROP-HEAD COUPE - - - - -	£415
3½ LITRE SALOON - -	£445
3½ LITRE DROP-HEAD COUPE - - - - -	£465
"100" 3½ LITRE MODEL -	£445
"100" 2½ LITRE MODEL -	£395

STAND 57

Motor Exhibition, Earls Court

Manufactured by SS CARS LTD., COVENTRY

LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

CITY NOTES.

(Continued from page 148)

The Jobber expressed his appreciation of their generosity and said it was not lack of gratitude that made him point out the omission of a new car from their handsome lists.

" Not lack of gratitude ? " echoed The Broker. " What is it, then ? "

" Lack of a car, of course."

" Have you a licence ? " The Engineer enquired.

" I have a licence, but that doesn't prevent my driving like 'L' ; give me a car, and I will soon show you."

" Buy yourself some Austin 'A,' or Morris Motors, or Standards. Keep the shares until your next birthday, and you will be able to buy a new car with the profit on them."

" How about pushing him into a few Chryslers ? " suggested The Merchant.

The other subscribers shook their heads doubtfully. " Can't see my way in Americans," said The Broker ; " and—— What are you laughing at ? "

The Jobber replied that when everything was so flat the other day, " a man in the market asked me if it were the Bank of England that was taking over the Prudential ; or was the Prudential taking over the Bank of England ? "

" Not too bad," agreed The City Editor ; " but, do you know, I shouldn't dare print a thing like that in my paper ? Somebody might quite easily take it seriously."

" Go on : they couldn't ! It 's the outside edge of comic absurdity."

" You don't know how ready some people are to swallow anything, however nonsensical it may be, that they see in a paper."

" There must be limits, all the same. And this is one of them."

" Can you see any limit to the depression ? " asked The Merchant.

The Broker stroked his chin.

" It 's like this," said he. " We have had two or three years of rising prices and very cheap money, and, at the same time, of expansion in trade. Prices can't rise for ever. After three years, you get a reaction : bound to ; it 's inevitable."

" Why three years ? "

" That 's a figure of speech : an approximate period. Well, we have had that ; and now we are in for the pendulum's swing in the opposite direction."

" Anti-climax, eh ? "

" Post-Coronation, too."

" All this has very little bearing on the Yankee slump. And it is that which has done more harm to our markets than anything else."

" We shall get over that ; clients will soon start buying good Industrials again."

" Imperial Tobacco and British American make a sound mixture."

" How about the B.A.T. interests in China ? "

" Probably less than most people imagine. Both shares have fallen pretty heavily from the top."

" My idea," said The Broker, " is that the public will look at the present dividends and yields ; not so much at the possible earnings in the future. This last crash must have made people think about what their investments will pay them in 1937-8, rather than in ten years' time."

" Hadn't we better persuade our Birthday Boy to buy Turner and Newall ? They look very cheap, compared with what they stood at a month or two ago."

" How about my old friends William Cory Ordinary ? " said The Engineer. " Wonderfully well-managed, and a topping business. You 'd love to have some of those, I 'm certain," he assured The Jobber.

" There are several things in that market which intrigue me," The Broker remarked. " You get useful returns on your money from John Browns and Hadfields."

" Nobody has mentioned Ransome and Marles," The Merchant pointed out. " That 's another Company under careful and experienced management. The shares give you Six per cent. on the money."

" There was one day last week when nobody would look at any shares ; however good and however cheap. I reckon it will take some time to restore people's confidence in stocks and shares."

" And some time to restore the confidence of our wives, daughters and other domestic paraphernalia in the good-temper of their Stock Exchange menfolk," said The Jobber. " I don't mind confessing, with no ladies about, that even I must have been a little—well, trying—at odd moments."

" It 's enough to upset any man," declared The Broker, " however old at the game he may be. By the way, how about that birthday present ? "

" Ah, here we are ! " exclaimed The Jobber, holding out *The Sketch* at arm's length. " That 's the car for me. Isn't it a beauty ? 'Pon my soul, I 'll give a guinea to the first boy or girl reader of *The Sketch* whose guess I open saying which car I 've chosen. Age limit ? Oh, let 's make it eighteen years. And my decision 's final. Cheerio ! "

Friday, Oct. 15, 1937.

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REDEEMABLE 5% NET INCOME DEBENTURE STOCK

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The great British Insurance Companies, Banks, Investment Trusts and Finance Houses, handle the largest investment funds in the world.

Bank Insurance and Financial Shares Trust (known as B.I.F. Trust) is designed to enable the investor to spread his funds over this profitable field of British enterprise. Its permitted investments number over 120 Home Banks, Insurance Companies and Investment Trusts, and its certificates are free of all financial liability and give a present yield of well over 4%.

A large number of Bankers and Stockbrokers have described B.I.F. Trust as "THE BEST UNIT TRUST ON THE MARKET."

During the 12 months ended the 30th June 1937 dividends paid on securities held by the Trust have **in no less than 54 cases been increased and in all other cases maintained.**

Complete details are contained in a book "The Investor's Dilemma, and the Way Out," a copy of which will be sent free to all who send a postcard bearing their name and address to:—

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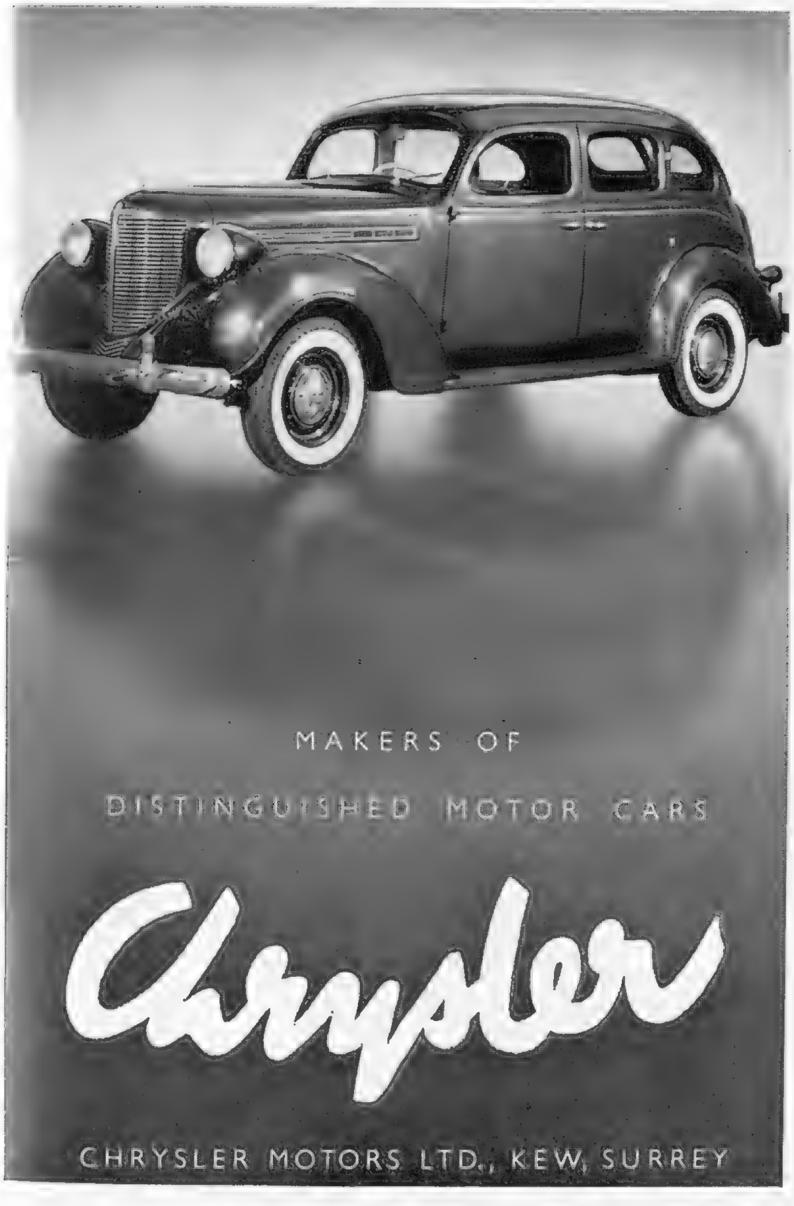
Show-piece

For 10 days at Earls Court Motor Show, Chrysler take the stage and quietly give a foretaste of the new motoring year. It is natural that motorists who wish to become aware of the newest trend, or the latest piece of perfected detail, should look first to Chrysler. 'Floating Power' engine mounting; Automatic Overdrive; Aerodynamic body lines—all are taken for granted now, but were Chrysler innovations once.

These new models, undisturbed in their proved essentials, bear the same progressive touch and promise of more luxurious motoring for the coming year. A fresh curve of line front and rear . . . a subtle concession to muscular comfort in the height of the seats . . . a larger windscreen area . . . a shifting of the angle of ventilation: Small things? Yes, but there is one big one—Chrysler's new High Compression Engine! Try it on the open road.



BURBERRY COSTUMES

Tailored dress designs by Burberrys lead the fashions. Every season their models are looked for by those who appreciate the new and excellently well-designed. The present winter models display that touch of distinction and character that appeals to ladies who study dress.

These may be seen in the Haymarket show-rooms or a book of illustrations will be posted if desired together with patterns which will include many suitings of delightful colourings, quite new, as are also the patterns, and exclusively Burberry.

BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

FROM Scotland I hear that everybody at Kelso Races seemed to be in brown. Lady Haddington's teddy-bear coat was light-brown; Lady Reay's suit brown check, with brown hat. The Reays' son and heir was christened at St. Giles's Cathedral the day before the United Border Hunt Races, *alias* Kelso. His parents were married at St. Giles's with much pageantry, you may remember. Lord Dunglass, now the proud father of a baby girl, was racing with his sister, Lady Bridget Douglas-Home. Another sister is Lady Rachel Scott, wife of the Member for Roxburghe, the Duchess of Gloucester's second brother. A soldier racing was Colonel J. A. Aizlewood, who commands the 4/7th Dragoon Guards at Redford; his wife was there too, and of course the Roxburghes (he was Steward), with their guest, Lady Dumfries, who has inherited her mother's penchant for bridge, a game always in favour at Floors. The usual coterie of Border girls included Hopes and Egertons. Archie Aitken, who captained the Scottish Seniors in their unsuccessful match against the English Seniors at St. Andrews, was with his sister, Mrs. Anthony Marshall, whose daughter's wedding to Mr. Peter Bell was the Kelso event of the week. Her brother, who is ex-golf champion of Ceylon, and former runner-up in the British Amateur Championship, won the Calcutta Cup the other day. Appropriately enough, their new son-in-law is a keen amateur rider. The going was too hard for either of his entries to be started. Alec Marsh won the first race of the meeting, Dicky Black the second, and Ewan Cameron the fifth. Mr. Fawcus and his mount were hot favourites, but never looked like winning. Yet another wearer of brown was popular Alathea Talbot, who is looking forward to the hunting season. Her father's house, Maxpoffle, is in the heart of the Border hunting country. She is one of the young girls with the most friends in that hospitable part of the world.

. . . . . .

In London, the charity committee season has set in with a vengeance. In the parlours of Mayfair, Belgravia and the Cadogan estate, these murky October afternoons, zealots forgather *en masse* to discuss plans of action for various deserving causes. At the British Cancer Campaign's headquarters in Grosvenor Crescent, Mrs. Frederick Hartman, wife of the Southdown's popular Joint-Master, presided over a "muster" to find ways and means of selling tickets (they have already reached the 600 mark) for the film première of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is taking place at the new Odeon Cinema in Leicester Square on Nov. 2. Two resourceful members of Mrs. Hartman's battalion of henchmen are Lady Hawkins, widow of "Anthony Hope," who, I hardly need remind you, was the author of the film story, and Lady Harcourt, who, when called upon to suggest suitable vantage points for the display of film posters, said: "What about doctors' waiting-rooms?" On the opening night, which, by the way, is to be graced by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, every woman in the audience will be presented with a red rose. This was done at the first night of the silent version of this film some years ago.

. . . . . .

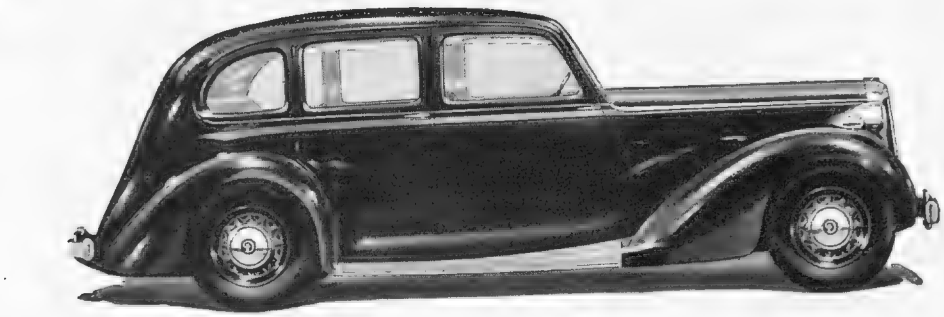
Later in the day, young lovelies who will sell you a programme on the big night rallied in the apple-green drawing-room of Mrs. Gerald Glover's house in Culross Street. Here they all seemed to be busy impressing each other with holiday talk. Wide-eyed Diana Mills, just back from extensive house-to-house visiting north of the Tweed, compared notes with aviatrix Diana Caldwell, who was full of Budapest glamorous night life. Also back from the "wilds" was "Tiny" Dennistoun-Sword, whose Garbo-esque features were enhanced by a voluminous black eye-veil—when offered a "White Lady" by her hostess, she exclaimed: "Why, this is the first drink I have had for months." The Duchess of Leinster, who wore the highest of high hats, talked to Colonel Sir Edward Worthington. Others who looked in during the evening included Lord Poulett, accompanied by the beautiful Lady Bridgett, and Mrs. Victor Malcolm (Ann Todd), who has been working overtime at Elstree on the film version of Winifred Holtby's "South Riding."

[*Continued overleaf.*

BY APPOINTMENT

THE BEAUTY OF THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR

Earls Court Motor Show STAND 85



THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

This beautiful car will awaken interest at first glance, but it is beauty wedded to comfort, and comfort to the road-holding qualities of a modern racing car—beauty and dignity combined with dash—that make this new Daimler the most interesting car of the year.
How was it done? By patient experiment under four headings. Modification of a sound system of independent front wheel springing. Torsional sway control. Distribution of weight. Inter-axle seating. The result is a perfectly proportioned 5-seater car that floats over bad road surfaces—yet corners as though on rails—that takes fast curves without roll or sway. You will find the steering of this car the lightest, yet the most positive, you ever handled. Certainly an interesting car—as a trial would show.

- **Independent front wheel springing**
- **Anti-roll control bars front and rear**
- **Inter-axle seating. Positive steering**
- **Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox**

(*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents*)

(16.2 H.P.) SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£475**

See this car at your nearest distributor or write to THE DAIMLER CO. LTD., COVENTRY, *and arrange a trial.*

British cars last longer

Where is *Nassau?*

Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic. It has absorbed the best qualities of English and American life while retaining the character and constitution of a British possession. There are no taxes in Nassau, yet Nassau offers all the advantages of modern civilisation.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.
By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co. via Azores, 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

WHAT DOES ONE DO THERE?

Life moves at an even pace in Nassau, but one can be gay or quiet at will. There are glittering night clubs and quiet spacious hotels. Fashionable bathing beaches and sleepy palm-fringed coves. There are opportunities for every type of sport and amusement.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

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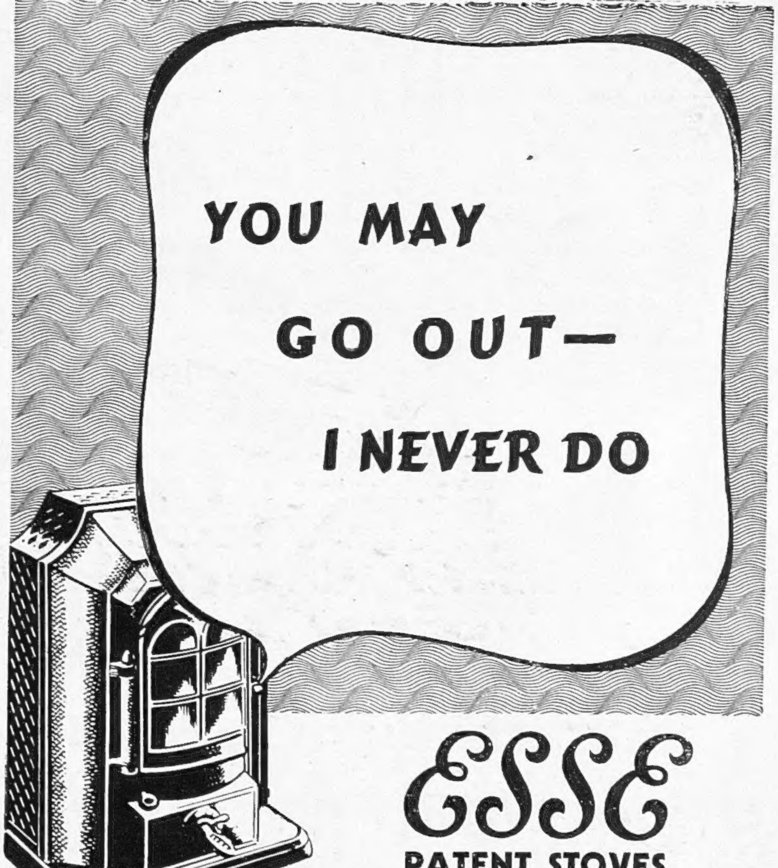

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Continued.]

Lord Askwith's brainy only child Betty, who is engaged to a barrister, Mr. Walter Wigglesworth, had a book published last week. It is called "Erinna," and is one of the few things Betty has written without the collaboration of her great friend, Theodora Benson, except short stories and verse. Their most attractive joint effort was "The Unambitious Journey," a chronicle of a Balkan pilgrimage, full of humour and useful information, including how to talk twenty-five words of twenty-five different languages. Miss Askwith knows more than twenty-five words of at least five languages. Aged twenty-eight, she is one of the most cultured young women in London, where her set is a literary one.

If only we could snatch a few free evenings there are lots of books we simply must read. Patrick Balfour's new travel volume, "Lords of the Equator," is out, and is as good company as Patrick himself, and that is excellent. Then there 's a brand-new Dennis Wheatley, but not a murder thriller, unless a history of the Russian Revolution can be classed as one—for there 'll certainly be plenty of blood about it. The title 's "Red Eagle," as no doubt you 'll want to get it; and next week Sir Campbell Mitchell-Cotts, the Scottish poet baronet, is having a volume of his poems published. He also is good company, and is a connoisseur of furniture and works of art, as well as a poet and a raconteur.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. —Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE LAST STRAW" (Comedy). 8.30. —A man-in-a-trunk thriller. Fine acting by Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Psychology by Priestley, with Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff; music, dancing, and fun.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Victoria Palace). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" (Curzon).—Sacha Guitry's tri-lingual historical romance.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion).—A drama of escape and pursuit in revolutionary Russia, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich.

"EXCLUSIVE" (Plaza).—A newspaper drama with a delightful portrait of a reporter by Charlie Ruggles.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Shirley Temple on the North-West Frontier.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

HUNTING NUMBER

THE CONTENTS WILL INCLUDE:

"HUNTING IN AMERICA," *by A. Henry Higginson, M.F.H.*

"MOUNTING ONESELF CHEAPLY," *by Major T. F. Cavanagh (Hon. Secretary of the Cottesmore Hunt, and one of the best men across country in England).*

"WHICH WOULD YOU BUY?" *A competition in which readers have to select hunters from a number of illustrations.*

"FOXHUNTING TO-DAY." *A Review of the situation and modern tendencies all over England by Captain D. Livingstone Learmonth.*

"HUNTING FOR THE BUSINESS MAN." *Hunts round Southampton and Portsmouth.*

A Page of Pictures of NEW MASTERS.

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Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."*

By wearing Poppies on Remembrance Day we keep green the memory of those who died. Of those that are left, thousands to-day are sadly handicapped by age, sickness, and the strain of the War years. Their need is the personal responsibility of each one of us. Please help the British Legion to deal adequately with the increasing need of ex-service men and their families by giving more than ever before for your Poppies on

POPPY DAY NOV. 11

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"What have you been doing to my hat, Hawkins?"

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"I *thought* my head hadn't shrunk, Hawkins — it feels the size of a prize marrow, with a painful thumping going on inside. This hat belongs to a Canadian gentleman."

"I take it, Sir, that you had a somewhat cheerful evening?"

"Hands across the sea, Hawkins. Eternal friendship. Deep calling to deep. I fear my friend from Canada may also be feeling a little the worse for wear."

"Might I suggest, Sir, that such — er — mornings after are rather an anachronism nowadays? A glass of Rose's Lime Juice, consumed before bed, eliminates the after effects before they can arise. This therapeutic action Sir . . ."

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"Indubitably, Sir."

"Then lay in a crate of it forthwith. Or perhaps two crates."

"Very good, Sir."

"And Hawkins!"

"Sir?"

"You might send a bottle to the Canadian gentleman with my compliments. And ask him if he's got my hat."

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YOURSELF & FAMILY
-against winter ailments

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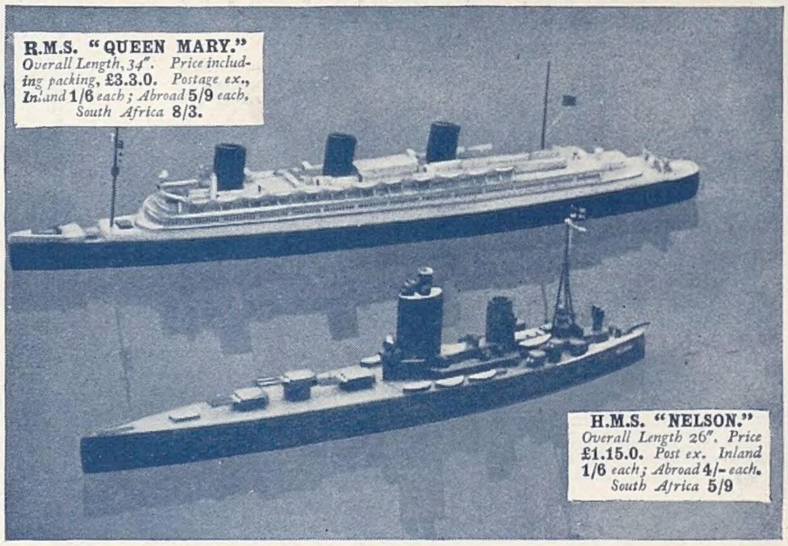

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